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THE CURRENT ISSUE.

A dispassionate, judicial view of the "Eccelesiastical Politics" is taken by the "Middle District," on page 1—the third paper in this important series.

"A Camp-meeting Effort" is a pertinent story for young preachers from the facile pen of Rev. George S. Butters.

Joseph Cook, in his usual forcible style, provides "Seven Hoops for the Church Temperance Cask," on page 2.

The first year's encouraging work of the "Bureau of Missions for Boston and Vicinity," with a description of its aims, advantages and possibilities, is set forth by O. H. Durrell, of Boston, in a remarkably interesting article.

Rev. Wilbur F. Berry claims "The Uncertainty of Some Figures," and proceeds to again call in question the statements of Bishop Malleson in a recent issue.

A timely word comes from Rev. J. C. Ferguson regarding the late successful "Missionary Conference in China" at Shanghai.

Large space is given on page 7 to reports of various Ministerial Associations—interesting, probably, only to those who participated in them.

A good variety will be found on the family page, "Tom's Victory," by Kate Sumner Gates, holds a helpful hint for young men just beginning a Christian life.

A full report of the centennial celebration of Jesse Lee's first sermon on Boston Common is provided by Rev. F. B. Graves on page 8, together with Rev. A. J. Hough's poem, "The Arrepanage of Jesse Lee."

The Outlook.

The origin of the vast icebergs which invade the Atlantic and prove such a terror to navigation, has been traced and reported to the Hydrographic Office of the Navy by Ensign Hugh Rodman. They originate in West Greenland, which he calls the "great berg factory." The ice masses in the interior are gradually forced out to sea by glacial movements on the land at the rate of about fifty feet a day. When once in the water, the glacier is broken into masses. A berg is from 60 to 100 feet high, and has from 300 to 500 yards of exposed surface. Those bergs found on the transatlantic route have had a trip of four or five months. The ice in the bay is specially brittle, and they are often easily broken by concussion from the report of a gun, or even by a blow from an axe. On the coast of Labrador in July and August, when it is packed with bergs, the noise of rupture is often deafening. They assume a multitude of shapes, and are often crowned with spires, domes, minarets and peaks.

The tiny isle of Heligoland, which has figured so largely in the recent negotiations between England and Germany with reference to African territory, is only a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. It lies in the centre of a deep bight of the coast between the shores of Holstein and Friesland, commanding the entrance to the Elbe, the Weser, and to the Jaded-Buhsen where the chief naval arsenal of the German Empire has of late years been established. Hamburg on the Elbe and Bremen on the Weser are the chief maritime ports of Germany. The projected ship canal to connect the North Sea with the Baltic at Kiel, making an entrance to the Baltic navigable in winter, is nearly opposite Heligoland. It will, therefore, greatly gratify the pride of the Germans to own this island, and it will also prevent France, as has been the case in the past, while holding neutral relations with England, from approaching perilously near to the outlets of German commerce or from blockading or intercepting German naval communications. While of great value to Germany, it is, with its 2,000 inhabitants, practically worthless to England.

That is a noteworthy and in every way commendable project which Mr. Bartholomew, the British geographer, has proposed, namely, the general mapping of the whole land surface of the world. He has already begun to indicate the best maps now available for every part of the world, "whether derived from exact surveys, travelers' sketches, or other sources of information." Only a comparatively small portion of the land surface of the globe (about one-seventh) has ever been accurately and trigonometrically surveyed. It is from the maps giving these surveys that the smaller maps are made. Certain countries, like India, a large portion of Europe, China, Russian Central Asia, the mining and mountainous region of the great West and certain States of the Union have had careful surveys made. South America, with the exception of the sites of its large towns, has had no topographical surveys at all. The interiors of certain countries, like Brazil and portions of Africa, have been supplied to us partly from imagination and partly from travelers' tales. The whole subject is one of absorbing interest.

The outlook in Europe is not a specially pacific one. From point to point there loom up on the horizon dark and threatening clouds. The increase of armament continues, and there seems to be no limit to it in sight. The execution of Major Panitz in Bulgaria, though deserved enough, has been interpreted as a defiance of Russia which will not long remain unanswered. Any overt act of Russia will bring about Austrian interven-

tion, and it would take but little to bring all Europe to arms. Already Russia is preparing to send her Black Sea fleet into Turkish waters to enforce her claim against Turkey for indemnity for the war of 1877. For strategic purposes she is also about to secure control of the Southwestern Railway which commands the most important outlets on the Black Sea and the German and Austro-Hungarian frontier. Great Britain has stationed one of her ablest and most eminent officials at Erzeroum, with a vast staff of vice-consuls, all of whom are military officers, to watch events in that quarter, where there is constant conflict between the Armenian and Mussulman inhabitants. The recent closer entente between Germany and England may steady matters somewhat.

There has been no more unwelcome addition to the hordes of ignorant immigrants with which this country has been burdened, than that which threatens us now in the vast numbers of Armenians preparing to swarm to this country in the autumn. Many of these are paupers, some of whom have once been in this country and have been returned to their own land by private benevolence. While nominal Christians, they are ignorant and degraded, and will be in every way an undesirable element. To these are to be added a large number of Maronite Catholics from Mt. Lebanon. They are a fierce, warlike body of people, paying a limited obedience to the Pope. Their departure is forbidden by the Turkish authorities, but it is proposed to evade these by going in small detachments, by stealth, to the island of Cyprus, and thence sailing for the United States. A correspondent of the *Mail and Express*, at Antioch in Syria, is authority for these statements, and he seems to have excellent opportunities for knowing whereof he writes.

The British Government has never shown less apparent ability to cope with an emergency than in the troubles which have come upon Newfoundland. The old treaties yield so much to the French that the English residents of Newfoundland seem to have been entirely ignored. Not only have the French the right to land at any time during the fishing season along four hundred miles of shore, but what timber they require, and put up their sheds wherever they please, but this right involves the power to drive off the English and prevent them from taking up land whereon may be the very timber the English desire. It is not surprising that the English residents are paralyzed and astounded as well as irritated at the sweeping rights which they have just discovered were conceded to the French. Worse than all, England seems to be in no haste to remedy the blunders she has committed, and is accused of using the present state of affairs to harry the Newfoundlanders into accepting confederation, which they have always opposed. The impression prevails that England will have to re-purchase the rights which have been alienated to France, and that at a heavy cost.

The French Government is giving serious attention to the survey and development of the Trans-Sahara railway. Cardinal Lavergne says that it will be of great importance to French interests in Algeria, and he promises the cordial support of himself and the missionaries under his control to the project. The usual conception of Sahara as a burning waste devoid of water and of vegetation, is now known to be erroneous. Not only is it dotted with oases, some of which are tolerably near together, but it is entirely feasible to lay out a road along which water would be quite easily obtainable. No part of the Baltic would offer fewer topographical obstructions to a railway. The only real obstacle—the presence of ferocious tribes—would be overcome by making the surveying party sufficiently strong to meet and intimidate them. Commercially it would mean for France "the ultimate control of the vast tract intersected by the Niger and its tributaries," of which the best known centre of trade is Timbuctoo.

Contributed Articles.

ECCELESTIASTICAL POLITICS.

FROM THE MIDDLE DISTRICT.

With a view to eliciting representative opinions from various parts of our Methodism, the following circular letter was sent out from this office, and the accompanying article is the third in reply:—

MY DEAR DOCTOR: We wish to treat the subject of "Eccelesiastical Politics" in our columns. Our sole purpose is to conserve the interests of the denomination and to protect its good name.

We have decided on the following plan—to lay before our readers as the foundation for editorial comment the convictions of several of the leading representatives of the church. To this end, we have divided our Methodism into six districts—the Pacific Slope, the Western, the Middle, New York, New England and Southern Districts.

We would be glad to have you write for the district, under no other restraint than that of conscience, and inspired by your love for the church.

You might answer, in the main, the following inquiries: Is there good reason for the application of the phrase, "eccelesiastical politics," to our denomination? How is it manifested? How may the tendency be overcome?

In order that each writer may be relieved from undesirable notoriety, criticism or misapprehension, his name will be withheld from the public. Each man will also write without knowledge of what the other has written, and no one of the articles will be published until all are received.

Hoping for a favorable reply, we remain for a Methodism "above reproach,"

Yours Faithfully,

CHARLES PARKHURST.

same for any other elective ecclesiastical office in any church. The politics may be good or bad in any instance; but there are always tendencies prevailing and fixing the character of the politics. Bad politics and good politics tend alike to self-perpetuation. This is true in public life and in church life. No sudden changes are likely to happen; good or bad tendencies grow from small beginnings. These general suggestions make it easier to approach

Our Methodist Politics.

We elect our highest officers by a double election. Bishops are chosen in General Conferences by delegates who are chosen in Annual Conferences. Most of us know that the elections of delegates may be politically affected by the friends of candidates for the episcopacy, and also that there is a very active canvass for the votes of delegates in the General Conferences. Bishops have been chosen without any but the most rudimentary political canvass, and that feeble imitation of politics has been confined to conversations among delegates a day or two before the election in the General Conference. We have probably outlived this simplicity. The appointing power of the bishops makes their selection in General Conference a matter of deep and vital concernment to ministers and to churches. Lay and clerical delegates agree that the episcopal elections are the most important matter committed to their charge. A good ecclesiastical politician recently said to the writer that the next General Conference would be unimportant "because no bishops will be chosen."

Apart from this highest function of the General Conference, the election of delegates in the Annual Conferences has its special and peculiar provocations to ecclesiastical politics. In some cases Conferences are actively canvassed all the time, the whole interim of General Conferences being interfered to secure the choice of particular delegates. In rare cases (and the writer has personal knowledge of more than one) the selection of presiding elders and the fixing of many other appointments turn upon the politics concerned in selecting the next delegation to the General Conference. Of course the bishop presiding is not a party to these manipulations, nor is it suggested that the appointments are ever "unfit to be made."

We are now so rich in men of gifts that "bad" appointments need not be the result of politics. The influences which arrange the episcopal choices are always obscure and often very delicate and adroit. Wherever political management is highly developed, the presiding elders have a large influence to be used or counteracted by industrious politicians. The writer knows two Conferences in which the strength of parties is measured by experts in this way: "'A' has four elders and 'B' has only three." There is no intention here-in to accuse the brethren. The situation spoken of exists in General Conferences. Its morals and religion are not necessarily bad on both sides, though probably unsanctified (more or less) on one side.

This brings up the question of

Conference Leaders.

Every Conference has its leading men—and these men are leaders, often in a political sense. The leader aspires to influence and to the honors of the Conference. To gain these things, he helps his brethren in various ways. He "speaks a good word" for them to the bishop at a critical moment. If the "good word" is followed by a satisfactory appointment, the leader may claim the credit; if it is otherwise followed, he may plead that he did all he could for his friend and client. If this leader is to maintain his place at the front, or to get to the front, he must usually have strong friends in the eldership and must keep his rivals out of this office. It happens that a Conference comes to have rival leaders, and that many of their brethren are made uncomfortable through their neutral situation. The better appointments are wanted for the partisans in the two camps, and the neutrals are left to take what is left unless the bishop penetrates the secrets of the leaders and discomfits their organized ranks. A Conference split into two parties on a personal issue may well become a good Conference to transfer from. The selections of presiding elders may give rise to a battle royal, depriving the bishop of sleep and keeping up a fever of excitement throughout the session of the Conference. There are cases in which lay influences are employed to secure the episcopal decision for the favorites of one leader; and there is a more or less authentic tale that once upon a time two leaders arrayed cohorts of laymen face to face on the field of controversy.

A Conference leader who leads must have the appearance of great influence with the bishop, with leading laymen in the churches, and with the presiding elders. He is practically the attorney of his followers in these three courts, and gains the decisive part of his votes by such service, or through the belief that he can render it. (Let it be said just here that these statements apply only to rare cases.) In one case, a critic of a Conference leader affirmed that this leader could sit in his study and dictate half the appointments by influencing official boards. It is certainly true that the critic believed what he said; probably the leader could influence only a few appointments.

It should be remembered that the gravest element of danger in the politics concerning leaders is that it is wholly personal. The rival leaders do not differ on any question of church policy. The only thing at issue is, "Who shall be greatest?" Such a condition of politics in public life is

The Most Dangerous Possible.

So long as principles are held up as at least the pretended stakes, there is an honorable ground for contention. But a leader who must virtually say, "I am better than my rival," is in a perilous position himself, and he

puts the public in a more perilous position. For himself, his little self, no truly good man can make much of a fight over an election. The minister who does it will certainly fall from grace more or less plainly. And so it happens that the typical Conference leader is seldom or never conspicuous for piety, and is generally marked by a certain coarseness, indelicacy and egotism. It is very rare that he is a leader because he is the best man—he is often a thorough demagogue, flatterer, follower, encouraging if not originating falsehoods to injure a rival, and suggesting a doubt whether he has any right to be in the ministry, to say nothing of leading the ministers of a Conference.

These statements do not describe the general condition of ecclesiastical politics, but rather certain phases of the Conference life; and it is noteworthy that when the leaders rise to office or depart for the other world, a simpler and more fitting style of politics takes the place of the florid and coarse kind herein described. This coarse type begins and ends with a personal career in a Conference. The removal of the one aspiring man restores the peaceful order of things which it displaced for a limited period. While, therefore, the occasion for some kind of politics always exists in our democratic church organization, the occasion for bad politics comes seldom, and never stays very long in the same Conference. The badness of the politics is mostly the badness of a few men; if they handle a majority, it is because the majority are deceived or have good reasons for their preferences. No doubt an ambitious leader may have ways of gaining his ends which are rather suspected than known, and an honest Methodist minister will give his leader the benefit of the doubt.

The writer believes that he has stated

The Most Extreme Cases

of Methodist politics, omitting all rhetorical coloring. Hard things are said by defeated men who hardly believe these things on their knees before God; and often a harsh critic is only a disappointed competitor, made bitter by adversity. If the view here taken is correct, bad elements in church politics are transient in their reign and in their effects. The writer knows Conferences where personal battles have raged around Conference elections for a decade or more, but in which no appearance of personal politics can now be identified. In short, our bad politics arise from personal ambitions which, as a rule, do not clothe themselves with demagogic dress in the person of a Christian minister. Our ministers, as a rule, are neither free from a desire to rise nor consumed by a passion for honors or to rule the church. The general wholeness of their spirit makes the task of the ecclesiastical politician difficult.

Many, if not most, of our church leaders are such without any effort on their own part to command attention and influence. They are gifted, and so win the respect of their brethren in the ministry and of the people who attend on their ministry. Conspicuous examples of this kind of leadership were Bishops Simpson and Kingsley, both sons of the middle region in which this is written. No one ever thought of either as a Conference boss, and after they became known, the only question about either was what good work he should be set to do for the whole church. The middle region has produced other leaders of this type. The other sorts of leaders have had brief reigns and passed into obscurity. The church, like other large institutions, needs men who interest themselves in the general welfare, who are not content simply to do well the tasks assigned them from year to year, but watch and work for the general prosperity, study the law and economy of the church, aid in its growth by wise counsels, and fit themselves to bear the larger responsibilities. In the presence of a man of this type, bad politics keeps to narrow ways and but feebly affects general feeling and Conference action.

If our polity were a thing of history, the church might easily become a scene of partisan strife and perish in its immortality. But our ministry is constantly replenished with men professing personal piety. This profession is made on the threshold of the Conference, and this piety is the only reason for crossing that threshold. To an ambitious and self-seeking man our ministry presents no attractions. To the rare exception, the high motives of his brethren present an obstacle which is rarely overcome, and only for short periods.

It may be profitably considered, too, that the influence which laymen exercise upon appointments and elections

Tends to Repress Demagogical Politics.

The layman is not always wholly sanctified, but he very rarely allows himself to behave in the church as he would in a party caucus—he reverences too much the sacred character of the church and the high calling of his ministry. Nor is it of record that an official board ever selected its pastor from political considerations—they simply seek for "the best man for their work." It is also true that while the election of bishops is an occasion and cause of politics, the powers of the episcopacy and its independence arrest and defeat bad politics in nearly all cases. Leaders who actually made the appointments, and who could agree among themselves, might easily make spoils of our Zion. Here, too, unregenerate politics find a strong barrier to success. In short, it is only by general backsliding, or by a demagogic reorganization of the church, that ecclesiastical politics can become a great and general peril to Methodism. If every place in the church, from the poorest pastorate to the episcopacy, were to be reassigned by votes whenever the proper Conference assembled, then bad politics would gain an immense advantage. Under the present polity so many other influences oppose with effect the ecclesiastical politician, that

he never gains any success except by concealing his true character.

A CAMP-MEETING EFFORT. A Story for Preachers.

REV. G. S. BUTTERS.

ELDER WHITTREDGE had made one of his young preachers very happy by asking him to preach at camp-meeting. Henry Hopkins had been a probationer in the Conference but a few months, but had made a good impression at Hardcastle in that time. He had been well trained in the schools, and was naturally a good student. He felt somewhat elated to think that the elder thought him equal to such an occasion. Although it was six weeks before the meeting, the young preacher commenced at once to prepare himself. It was not easy to find a text, as he was in search of something striking in its language. After much searching of the Scriptures he settled on a passage he had known a great preacher to use in replying to an infidel: "For their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." He knew it was not the best text to awaken sinners, but he thought he would leave that work to some of the older preachers and devote his energies to awaken skeptics. He gathered his material from Hardwick, Tiele, Clarke, and his seminary lectures on comparative religions. The way he disposed of the ancient and modern "isms" was a compliment to his courage at last.

Two Sundays before camp-meeting he preached the sermon when on an exchange with a brother of another denomination. He was rather disappointed to see so little enthusiasm, but he reasoned that a country audience could not be expected to appreciate so scholarly an effort. He had no word as to when he would be expected to preach until Wednesday morning the elder informed him to be ready for the afternoon. It was a beautiful day, and a large company of people were present at the morning service. Mr. Hopkins felt quite flattered when he saw that the preacher at the first service was to be Rev. Dr. Broomfield, one of the most noted men in the Conference. His text was, "Behold the Lamb of God." The sermon was as simple as the text, and made a very strong impression. There was no attempt at rhetorical flourish, no evidence of unusual scholarship, but an earnest presentation of the claims of Jesus Christ.

The sermons the day before had been in marked contrast, and Bro. Hopkins wished that he had preached on Tuesday. He did not stay during the altar service, but went away by himself in the woods. He prayed some, but thought and rehearsed more. He went through his sermon two or three times, and as he lay on the ground kept repeating the first two sentences of his introduction: "The statement that there are tribes or nations which possess no religion, rests either on inaccurate observation or on a confusion of ideas. It is legitimate, therefore, at the start, to call religion in its most general sense a universal phenomenon of humanity." In his manuscript these words were in quotation marks, but he did not intend to so indicate them in his extempore address. He forgot about his dinner until it was too late, and then went back to his tent to prepare himself for the great occasion.

The opening exercises passed off smoothly except the prayer, which occasioned a little too much demonstration to suit the preacher. He was going to deal with skeptics in an impartial manner from the light of history and philosophy, and so much demonstration was not according to his taste. He was gifted with a camp-meeting voice, and when his text was announced it could be distinctly heard at the farthest seat. He was very deliberate as he repeated the words on which his sermon was supposed to be founded. He commenced: "The statement that there are nations or tribes which possess no religion rests either on inaccurate observation or on a confusion of ideas."

"Amen!" shouted an enthusiast, to the encouragement of the preacher, but to the amusement of his brother ministers.

"It is legitimate, therefore, at the start, to call religion in its most general sense a universal phenomenon of humanity."

"I believe it," shouted the strange brother, in a voice that startled the audience.

The shout was troubled with deafness, and hearing something about religion, desired to give his hearty assent. The preacher continued with his introduction, and really imagined that he was having a good time. An occasional shout from the deaf brother warmed his heart and stirred his pride. He was so absorbed in recalling the exact language of his manuscript that he did not read the expression of the audience as he should.

Many plied him. A few thought him very scholarly, but the deaf man was the only one who seemed especially edified. He had spoken more than twenty minutes, and yet had not reached his sermon proper. In the meantime clouds had been gathering, and many people had left the seats. The clouds grew darker, and drops of rain occasionally fell, and the crowd began to move to the tents. He tried to give them some of the sermon intended to help them, but it was now too late. The occasional drops of rain had already developed into a shower, and the indications were that a storm was coming. There was a rush for a place of shelter, and the preacher's voice was drowned by the confusion and storm. "Oh, what a mistake I have made!" said the preacher, as he realized that in the twenty-five minutes he had been speaking he had missed a great opportunity. He sat down and bowed his face in his hands. None of the preachers waited to speak to him, but hurried to their tents to conduct a service of some kind. Mr. Hopkins heard the roll of the heavy thunder, but there was a louder roar in

his brain. "O God, how foolish I have been!" was all he could say as he tried to pray. Like an olden prophet he wished that he might die. He opened his eyes and saw that the platform was deserted. One of the ministers, seeing his grief, suggested that he be left alone for the present.

He moved to one corner of the preachers' stand where he was almost concealed, and there had an altar service by himself. There was one sinner brought to conviction by that sermon, and that was the preacher himself. He told the Lord about his failure, and did not spare Henry Hopkins. He was a long time in prayer, but it did not seem long to him. The storm had increased, and it had become very dark. He was beginning to feel more at ease when he was conscious that some one was kneeling at his side. A hand was laid on his shoulder and a manly voice said, "Henry, you made a mistake, but you are now on the right track." The voice was that of the elder who had watched the young man's career from his conversion during a former pastorate. Henry asked that he pray for him again as he did when he first sought the Lord. While they were engaged in prayer, some one came on the platform and knelt with them. The stranger was deeply moved, for when Dr. Whittredge turned to him, he saw that he was weeping.

"What is the matter, my friend?"

"I wish I was a Christian, and I have come up here to ask you to pray for me."

"What led you here?"

"I do not know, sir, except that I have been watching this young man from the shelter of a tree out yonder, and I felt that I ought not to go home until his Saviour was mine."

"It wasn't a failure after all, Henry," said the older man. "Now you pray that this friend may be saved just here and go to his home a happy Christian."

The prayer was answered. The young preacher's grief was turned to joy. That afternoon service was the turning point in that meeting as well as in the life of Henry Hopkins. From that time the tide rose higher and higher. It was the best meeting for years. The sermon was a great effort, a greater failure, but proved to be God's opportunity to give the greatest success.

Newtonville, Mass.

The Religious World.

—Bishop Taylor is visiting the Pacific Coast.

—The oldest church in Connecticut, the Congregational at Ashford, was lately destroyed by lightning.

—The corner-stone of the Methodist university at Sioux City, Iowa, was laid by Bishop Bowman, July 4.

—Bishop Nindé has been made an honorary member of the Epworth chapter of the First Church, Topeka.

—The widow of Mr. Hopper, a Bristol (Eng.) vicar, has left £40,000 to the Church Missionary Society.

—An exchange states that a movement is on foot to erect a Methodist Episcopal Church at the foot of Mt. Ararat, in Armenia.

—Rev. B. F. Kephart, presiding elder of Cape Palmas District, in Africa, is reported as lying very ill with African fever in Brooklyn, N. Y.

—The Canadian Methodist Conference has authorized the establishment of a Methodist sisterhood for church work and evangelization.

—Rev. Dr. Leonard Schmitz, widely known as the author of a standard history of Rome, died in Edinburgh recently at the age of 83 years.

—Rev. Henry M. Livingston, Ph. D., supernumerary member of the New York East Conference, died, at the age of 35 years, in Brooklyn, last week.

—Rev. F. W. Conable, a supernumerary member of the Genesee Conference, and author of the "History" of that Conference, died at Dalton, N. Y., July 7.

—Brooklyn Methodist Hospital has received \$5,000 from Mr. J. D. Slayback as a thank-offering for the almost miraculous escape of his little girl who fell downstairs.

—Auburn Theological Seminary, and, indeed, the entire Presbyterian Church, has met with a very heavy loss in the death of Prof. Norman Bethune Welch, D. D., LL. D.

—Rev. Dr. H. C. Mable, of Minneapolis, has accepted the Western secretaryship of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, and will make his headquarters at Chicago.

—In the handsome Presbyterian church at Algiers, erected by the late Sir Peter Coats, on a recent Sunday an Arab and Mussulman and a student of medicine were publicly baptized.

—By some oversight the Episcopal Church Congress to meet in Philadelphia was appointed for Nov. 4, which is election day. The date has consequently been postponed one week, and the Congress will meet on Tuesday, Nov. 11.

—The corner-stone of the Judson Memorial Baptist Church in New York City was laid June 30. Rev. Adoniram Judson, to whose memory the church is to be erected, was the first American foreign missionary. The cost of the church will be \$320,000.

—The New York Branch of the W. F. M. S. of the M. E. Church has just sent out Miss Georgiana Bencus, of Ithaca, to re-enforce the work at Hakodati, Japan; and the same branch will send Miss Rosetta Sherwood, M. D., of Liberty, to Korea in September.

—Dr. Sheldon Jackson has sailed in the U. S. S. "Bear" for the Arctic Ocean, charged with the establishment of three schools for the children of Eskimos in that high northern latitude—one at Point Barrow, one at Point Hope, and the third at Cape Prince of Wales.

—Rev. Dr. E. E. Hoss, the new editor of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, is having the pictures of his predecessors arranged in his office—Dr. John Newland Maffitt, Dr. Thomas Stringfield, Dr. J. B. McFerrin, Bishop H. N. McTear, Dr. T. O. Summers, and Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald.

—Rev. W. W. Eddy, D. D., and his wife, of Syria, with their two daughters, and Miss E. Jessup, daughter of Dr. Jessup, arrived in New York recently. Dr. Eddy returns for an eighteen months' furlough after an absence of sixteen years, and in November commences the forty-fourth year of his connection with the Syrian Mission, twenty of these years having been spent in the Syrian field. He is now stationed at Beirut, and holds a professorship in the theological seminary there.

Miscellaneous.

SEVEN HOOPS FOR THE CHURCH TEMPERANCE CASK.

JOSEPH COOK.

[Read at the late Temperance Congress in New York.]

The First Hoop.

It is safe to assert that the churches ought to rise to the temperance level of the public schools. Mandatory instruction in the schools of twenty-seven States and Territories of the American Union has recently set up, in the name of science, a new, unassailable and alluring standard. Below that standard the voluntary temperance inculcations, directly or indirectly given by the precept and example of the churches, ought not to be allowed to fall. This does not necessarily mean that the churches should devote as much time as the schools do to scientific temperance instruction, nor that they should employ the methods of the schools, but it does mean that they should not be satisfied with inferior results. The standard enforced by voluntary Christian action in the religious training of the youth in the matter of temperance ought not to be lower than the standard made mandatory by public law in their secular training. This principle of reform in the relations of the churches to the temperance cause is as fair and safe as it is comprehensive and radical. It means that the Sunday-schools should be taught as sound temperance doctrines the secular schools. It means that preachers should all lift their precept and example in the pulpit and parlor to the level which secular teachers are now required to attain in the school desk. It means that church members everywhere should rise to the temperance level of compulsory instruction in the common schools.

What is that level? The mandatory temperance instruction now given in the public schools requires everywhere total abstinence from all narcotics, that is, from both alcohol and tobacco. A majority of the future citizens of the nation are now in schools which teach total abstinence. Such instruction is mandatory in all schools, naval and military, as well as territorial, now under the care of our federal government. It has been necessary to achieve a great victory over apathy, corrupt, or hostile State legislatures, in order to secure this advanced temperance instruction by authority of public law. It has been necessary to achieve a greater victory over the foremost publishers of text-books, to induce them to issue sound temperance doctrines in volumes on physiology and hygiene. Both these victories, by the blessing of Heaven on the labors of Mrs. Hunt and her assistants in the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, have been achieved, and so a new era dawns. Great publishing houses, such as the Appletons, A. S. Barnes & Co., Ivins, Blakeman & Co., Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., or such as the syndicate of text-book publishers lately organized, now issue approved temperance text-books all keyed up to the level of total abstinence.

If standard and approved temperance text-books are used, nothing less than total abstinence can be taught in the secular schools. It is highly important that a school-teacher should bring his personal example up to the level of his official precept; but in twenty-seven States and Territories of the American Union, every teacher must now bring his official precept up to the level of total abstinence. If a teacher should be a total abstainer, then, for yet stronger reasons, every preacher should be, and every church member.

As to the methods by which the temperance instruction of the young is to be brought up in the churches to at least the level it has attained in the schools, each church must, of course, decide for itself. I venture to suggest only that by pulpit hints or special addresses and lectures, by Sabbath-school instruction, by the use of pledges, by the circulation of sound temperance literature, and especially by personal example, the standard of total abstinence should be everywhere preached in the churches. Mr. Spurgeon was many years ago a wine-dealer, but now he says: "More men have been killed by grape juice than by grape shot." The new approved temperance text-books which are now molding the secular schools of the nation ought to be in all Sunday-school libraries. Once a month, at least, instruction in harmony with the standard books should in some way be effectively given in all Sunday-schools. Lift the youth, the adult membership, and all the preachers of your churches to the level of total abstinence, which is now the level not only of the secular schools, but even of the life assurance societies, and immense results must sooner or later follow. The new heights and uplands of scientific temperance instruction and religious precept and example will form a vast water-shed down which will flow new rivers of temperance sentiment, with resistless currents and undimmed cataracts that will cleanse the land.

Second.

All the Christian denominations ought to rise to the level attained by the largest and strongest Protestant bodies in the United States, and declare that no rum-seller shall be accepted as a church member. This is the standard of the Presbyterian Church, and of the Methodist, and of many smaller but not less earnest and consistent denominations.

Third.

As no rum-seller ought to be accepted as a church-member, all denominations of Christians ought to rise to the level of the Methodist body and declare that the liquor traffic can never be legalized without sin. The church cannot consistently exclude rum-sellers from membership and at the same time favor license for rum-sellers. It cannot in reason or honor with one hand make rum-sellers and with the other hand excommunicate rum-sellers.

Fourth.

If rum-sellers ought not to be church-members, and if the liquor traffic can never be legalized without sin, then it follows that church-members ought never to vote for a political candidate who is in favor of legalizing the liquor traffic. While the churches as such need not declare for any one political party, they ought to declare that church-members as individuals should support no political party that is dominated by the whiskey ring. Christians on their knees before God will

never vote for any party on its knees before the liquor traffic.

Fifth.

The churches will support law and order by the whole power of their moral and social and political influence. Although Christians may not vote for license, yet, if a license law is on the statute book, Christians will help to execute it. License restricts a part of the traffic, and at the same time legalizes a part. To vote for a license law, is to do evil that good may come. In helping to execute a license law for which they have not voted, Christians simply exercise its restrictive features, without making themselves responsible for its permissive features. In some communities, business men who oppose the saloon are boycotted, and outspoken temperance lecturers are in danger of assassination. George Hadcock's blood yet cries out unavenged from the ground of the open street of Sioux City, Editor Gambrell's from the banks of the Mississippi, Osborne Congleton's supposed lifeless body from the bay of San Francisco. Combination on the part of the dramsoph oligarchy to terrorize good citizens should lead to combination of good citizens to uphold law and order. In some localities, church leagues are needed for the protection of both business men and preachers who consistently champion temperance laws already on the statute-books. Every adult church-member ought to belong to a law and order league, or a church league, or some organization of similar scope and purpose, designed to defend business men on the one hand, and their preachers, lecturers and editors on the other against the lawless attacks of the liquor leagues, already organized from sea to sea.

Sixth.

There should be a great extension of visitation from house to house by church-members, as individuals, as committees, and as companies in support of the temperance reform. Personal contact with the tempted and the tempters on the part of church-members has great possibilities of good that as yet have not been fully utilized in the temperance field, nor indeed adequately explored and discussed. Let the co-operative and aggressive work of visitation proposed by the Evangelical Alliance be carried out so as to reach both drunkards and their families on the one hand and saloon-keepers and corrupt politicians on the other.

Seventh.

The churches should unitedly insist on the closing of saloons on Sundays and election days, and on the prohibition of the sale of liquor to drunkards and minors.

There is no reason why the churches, on these seven points, should not reach unanimity, and if unanimity, then victory.

BUREAU OF MISSIONS FOR BOSTON AND VICINITY.

O. H. DURRELL.

At this, the first annual meeting of the Bureau of Missions, it may not be amiss to give a brief explanation of the circumstances which led to the formation of, with a history of but a few months, there are, no doubt, some who are not aware of the existence of such an organization, and to many there may arise a question as to its real necessity.

There has been for some time a strong impression on the part of many of the alumni of the School of Theology, and also the faculty of the University, that the latest talent and power among the students of the School of Theology ought to be utilized for the good of Methodism in Boston and vicinity. Owing to the fact that there was no organization under the auspices of our church through which they could work, their services were given to other denominations, not only in the supply of pulpits, but in assisting in the different city missions. Several informal conferences were held by those who had the matter at heart, and finally a call was issued to the pastors, reading as follows:—

DEAR BROTHER: The conviction has been deepening in the mind of not a few among those interested in the welfare of our city churches that the large body of students in the Theological School ought to be more fully utilized as aids to the pastors of Boston and vicinity. At a recent conference of the faculty and the presiding elders, it was voted to call a meeting of the pastors for the purpose of discussing methods of employing more largely this important and available force. The meeting will occur at the Theological Building, No. 72 Mt. Vernon St., October 7, at 10 A. M., and will be addressed by President Warren and others. You are cordially invited to be present.

(Signed)
Rev. J. W. LINDSAY, D. D.,
Rev. J. H. MAXFIELD, D. D.,
Rev. G. S. CHADBOURNE, D. D.,
Rev. H. C. SHELTON, Sec'y of the Faculty.

The result of the meeting was the appointment of a committee, composed of ministers and laymen, to take the whole matter into consideration. The committee, after careful thought and discussion, drafted a constitution, making the Bureau the executive committee of the joint body of the Preachers' Meeting and Social Union. The recommendation was adopted by these two bodies, and at a joint meeting the following officers were duly elected: President, O. H. Durrell; vice-presidents, Rev. W. N. Brodbeck, Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D.; secretary, Prof. M. D. Buell, D. D.; executive committee, Presiding Elders G. S. Chadbourne, J. W. Lindsay, J. H. Mansfield, North Boston District—Rev. E. M. Taylor, Mr. G. E. Priest; Boston District—Rev. W. I. Haven, Mr. E. H. Dunn; Lynn District—Rev. J. W. Hamilton, D. D.; Mr. C. E. Kimball. University—President W. F. Warren, Prof. H. G. Mitchell, School of Theology—students, Rev. O. Huckel, Rev. F. W. Merrick; finance committee, Mr. W. P. Adams, Mr. R. R. Robinson, Mr. G. E. Atwood; treasurer, Mr. A. Gould.

We therefore appear before you, not as an independent body, but as one delegated by you, your executive committee, to prosecute work for the extension of Christ's kingdom. If, at any time, this work is not carried on to your satisfaction, it is for you to place in charge those who can more successfully plan and execute.

What Has Been Done.

The first meeting of the board was held in November, and at that time plans were fully discussed for future operations. Had the Social Union and Preachers' Meeting placed in our hands funds with which to work, it would have been far easier to plan. It seemed at first like forming a company with no capital, or to engage in business with no funds; but God has opened the way to that degree that, despite the small amount which has come to our treasury, some good has been accomplished.

A canvass was taken to find out how many of the students of the School of Theology would be willing to volunteer their services; and in view of the fact that four-fifths of the students are compelled to work their way through school, it was a surprise to the committee that so many were willing and glad to offer their services gratuitously. A sub-committee, with Prof. Buell as chairman, was appointed, to which all requests for aid from students were to be referred, and by which all assignments were to be made. The following brief summary shows what has been accomplished from November to May:—

Students were sent to Holbrook and Roselinde.

To Bradford, to begin new work and supply pulpits regularly.

At Newburyport, three students helped in revival services.

At Dorchester Church, student took charge of singing series of meetings.

At Brookline, pulpit supplied and help given in week-night meetings.

At Revere St., revival meetings were held two weeks.

At Norwood, pulpit permanently supplied.

At People's Church, Boston, student sent as visitor.

At West Somerville, Park Avenue, eleven different students assisted at revival meetings for two weeks.

At Norwood, fourteen students assisted in revival services for two weeks.

At Eliot Square, revival services were conducted for three weeks, several students assisting.

At Malden, quartette assisted one evening.

At Highlandville, two students assisted in meetings two Sunday evenings.

At Lynn, St. Paul's, three students helped at four services.

At Winthrop, two students held evening service.

At the request of the Lynn churches, a student was delegated to take charge of a new mission in that city, which work is still continued under the supervision of Dr. Mansfield, presiding elder of that district.

In return for this, the churches have agreed to take up a collection for the Bureau some time during the year.

Feeling that more definite work ought to be commenced, it was decided in February to open a mission on Merrimac St., near Canewey. It was felt that two objects would be accomplished in planting this mission: First, the good that might be done to the people who would be attracted there, and, second, to the students who carried on the work.

A store was rented for this purpose and was furnished with chairs enough to seat a hundred, together with singing books and an organ. The room was called Grace Hall, and was placed under the supervision of Rev. W. I. Haven. Some thirty-six of the students organized into different bands for visitation purposes and to take charge of the meetings. The band for the night met at the mission room at a quarter of eight, has a few short, earnest prayers, then goes out to the street singing gospel songs, which attract a crowd to the mission.

The services are conducted something after this: First, good, lively gospel songs, a few short prayers, a short Scripture lesson, a pointed talk of ten minutes by one of the students, some brief testimonies, an earnest exhortation by another student, and an invitation hymn, when students scatter among the audience in the work of personal invitation and conference. Scarcely a night passes but five or six penitents gather around the improvised altar of chairs for the final prayer service. They are of all nationalities and various degrees of intelligence—mostly ignorant, however, and most of them addicted to drink. Occasionally one of more than usual intelligence is found and rescued.

The meetings are held every night but Saturday. Wednesday evenings the young people from Tremont St. Church have charge of the meetings, and recently the young people from Trinity Church, Charlestown, have taken charge of an evening, and in addition to these two churches some members from Temple St. are on hand almost every evening to take part.

A Sunday-school has been organized, which has been running for four or five weeks; Miss Canfield, of the Temple St. Church, being secretary. A week ago Sunday forty-two were present, but this is somewhat above the average. Lately a deaconess from the Deaconess Home has had a sewing school at the hall Saturday afternoon, attended by from ten to fifteen girls. Miss Canfield, under Rev. Mr. Haven's direction, has visited several of the families of those who have been forward for prayers, and some of these have become attendants at the church.

I give a report of the University Mission Band for twelve weeks, ending May 23, 1890:—

Number of meetings held..... 59

Average number of students at each meeting..... 8

Total number of seekers reported..... 156

(About half of these have also signed temperance pledges; 77 have given place of residence as Boston or Charlestown, the remainder being either home-leaves or students.)

Number of families visited by students, about..... 200

Arrangements have been made with two of the students from the School to supply the mission during the summer months, and they report the interest as increasing. This ends the report of the work actually accomplished, but committees have under advisement several plans for the better extension of the work during the coming year. It is most encouraging to know of the enthusiasm manifested by the students of the Theological School, in the work of the Bureau, and we shall have a hearty support from them.

Before the School closed, a canvass was taken to find out how many would be willing to assist in the mission work the coming year, and 52 headed in the names as being willing to give at least one evening per week.

Now let us consider

The Aims and Some of the Advantages

which will accrue to Boston Methodism through the means of this Bureau, and some of the possibilities.

It aims to help pastors of churches by providing assistants for revival work, by providing class-leaders or teachers for Sunday-school work, or occasional pulpit supplies.

It aims, as its chief work, to study the needs of Boston, and to plant missions in the neglected portions, carrying the Gospel to the very poorest; also to plant missions in growing sections of the city, where in time they will develop into self-sustaining churches.

It plans to be aggressive, at the same time to be cautious, so as not to repeat the experience of a city missionary enterprise some time ago, with which some Boston Methodists are familiar.

Some advantages, as already demonstrated, are:—

1. It secures the monthly study of the condition, needs and outlook of Methodism in Boston and vicinity.

2. It makes certain that this study shall not be from the standpoint of any one church, pastor, presiding elder, or layman; hence the conclusions that are reached, after all the different views have been carefully compared and considered, are most valuable.

3. It secures employment by our own church of scores of devoted and trained workers, and it will be seen what advantage we possess over other denominations in having our Theological School located in the city, with its students so willing and eager to gain a practical experience in mission and church work, thus fitting them for more earnest and practical work in their future appointments.

4. It furnishes a centre of concert and action to which any Methodist can bring either suggestions or information as to openings for the planting of missions, some of which in time may develop into churches, or opportunities to increase and enlarge work already entered upon, with the certainty that all such communications will be carefully acted upon by special committees.

Its Possibilities

can be measured only by the amount of means placed at its disposal for the prosecution of the work. May not a few of them be as follows:—

A possibility that our Bureau will be the means of concentrating and intensifying a feeling of unity and fraternity between the laymen of the Social Union and the preachers of the Boston Preachers' Meeting, which, under the blessing of God, will result in far-reaching and most successful plans for making Methodism—as it should be—a power in the city of Boston.

A possibility of an effort to evangelize and Americanize the large body of Italians at the North End. They are a hard class to deal with, but we cannot afford to neglect them, and a mission for these people, we believe, can be made a success.

A possibility that in the not distant future we can have a building which shall be the headquarters of Christian activity in its many forms, where lay workers can report for orders and be assigned to work; where one or more deaconesses will always be in attendance, ready for the calls that may be made upon them to visit the poor, the sick, or the dying—a building open all the week, in which shall be

located the Bureau, and a city missionary for whom there is so much need; a building from which shall go forth an influence which will make our city Methodism strong, aggressive, and respected.

The consideration of future possibilities opens a wide field of conjecture, but the few that we have hinted at we do not consider visionary, and we hope that the report which will be made a year hence will show some progress in their direction.

That there is need of the Bureau, we think we are quite all agreed. For years we have left to other denominations city evangelizing. The Episcopal City Mission has expended in the last eighteen months \$21,000. Ten persons are in the permanent employ of the society. The Baptist Social Union has a committee on Christian work, and places in its hands each year some \$5,000 for mission work, Bethel work, and to aid weak city churches. This is in addition to the Bowdoin Square Tabernacle, the amount necessary to carry on that very successful enterprise being raised by Mr. Deming. The Congregational City Missionary Society is doing a grand work, both religious and benevolent, and last year raised \$42,000.

Methodism has always had its power among the masses. It is only successful when aggressive. Is it not time for us, therefore, to join in the forward movement and renew the practical aggressive Methodism of our forefathers?

In the fall we are to celebrate the centennial of Methodism in Boston. We have reason to be thankful for what has been done in the first century so nearly closed; but ought we not, brethren, to so plan that we shall enter upon our second century with such a grand, aggressive spirit, that as a result each year of the hundred years to come will witness accessions to our churches, and the bringing together of zealous Christian workers who will find fields of activity and usefulness through the instrumentality of this, our Bureau of Missions?

HIS COMING.

They tell me a solemn story,
But it is not sad to me,
For in its sweet unfolding
My Saviour's love I see.

They say that at any moment
The Lord of life may come
To lift me from the cloudland
Into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning,
I may not even hear
The rustle of His garments,
As He softly draweth near;

Suddenly, in a moment,
Upon my ear may fall
The summons loved of My Master,
"Answer the Master's call."

Perhaps He will come in the noontide
Of some bright, sunny day,
When, with dear ones all around me,
My life seems bright and gay.

Pleasant must be the pathway,
Easy the shining road,
Up from the dimmer twilight
Into the light of God.

Perhaps He will come in the stillness
Of the mid and quiet night,
When the earth is calmly sleeping,
Neath the moonbeams' silvery light;

When the stars are softly shining
O'er the slumbering land and sea,
Perhaps in holy stillness
The Master will come for me.

—Dr. Bonar.

THE STILL HOUR.

Soul-Cleansing.

Not a little has the Bible to say about the cleansing of the soul. For this reason it is evidently a very important work. Yet, strange to say, not a few professed Christians seem afraid of having their souls cleansed. We do not want to say that they prefer having impure hearts rather than pure ones, for we charitably credit them with desires for a better condition of spiritual life; yet the fact remains that they shrink from the work of deep, thorough soul-cleansing. Does not this suggest that the spirituality of such ones is very weak, sickly, and of a negative character? We must think so; for if there be considerable strength of spirituality, heartfelt in tone and positive in its character, there is a moral disgust at the presence of carnal filth in the heart. Does a neat housekeeper enjoy sitting in a room which is conspicuous for its dirt? Does a person of refined tastes and sensibilities take pleasure in the scent of carrion? Does a strong, restless, ambitious man delight in being sick? All people, replying to these questions, answer No! How, then, can a live, healthy, ambitious Christian be contented to abide in the midst of carnal corruption? He can't be. Hence he frequently cries out from the very depths of his being, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" David thus cried. When? At a time, especially, when he was led to see the pollution of his soul. How he longed to have a thorough soul-cleansing! It was a most hopeful sign. It indicated a great disgust of carnal self. It showed a tremendous dissatisfaction with moral dirt. Reader, if you be mightily sick of the filth of your old nature and want to have it cleaned out of you, it is a most favorable token. Are you anxious to serve God? Then ask Him to cleanse you, for He will not make any high and prolonged use of an unclean vessel. And cleanse yourself, too, by the means which God has provided.

Self-watching.

Many people are prone to watch the ways of others, but greatly neglect to watch themselves. The first is easy, the second is hard; that is, it is hard if the task be carefully and thoroughly done. Self is so complex, mysterious, subtle and deceptive, that it requires a keen vision, great alertness and uncompromising severity, to successfully watch its motives, its habits, its biases, its jealousy, its conceit—in short, its manifold tendencies and workings. What a field for exercise this is! How broad its range! How intricate it is! How full of difficulties! Who can execute, satisfactorily, such a great task? Who can so keep his eye on his wonderful self that he shall all the while detect, at once, the upspringing of wrong motives, unholy desires, evil ambitions, revengeful purposes, unbrotherly wishes, and cruel surmisings? And if any man could be found able to do this, will he succeed in keeping the wrong motive from displaying itself in action? Will he always be able to prevent the evil thought from escaping through the avenue of speech? Where shall we find such a person? We search for him in vain! Oh, how weak we are in the presence of our own strange, awful selves! Need we wonder that David said, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips?" David trembled before the marvelous power of his own self, and felt utterly inadequate to the task of so watching himself that all points should be successfully guarded against a harmful outbreak. In a letter to his parents shortly after he began preaching Edward Payson thus wrote: "I beg you to pray for me most earnestly and importunately. I seem to be

walking on a hair, and hardly dare go down to breakfast or dinner lest I should say or do something which may disgrace the ministry or hurt the cause of religion." How scrupulously careful was his self-watching, lest he might harm the cause of his Lord! O God, be Thou our help!

Maternal Influence.

Who can measure the influence of a mother? What far-reaching issues proceed from the throne of her power! Woe to the world if the mothers be bad! Thrice blessed is the land if its mothers be good! Methodism owes much to the mother of the Wesleya. But for such a mother, the great probability is that her sons would never have played any conspicuous part in the world's history, much less that of Methodism. How great the power of her influence was in its effect upon the establishment and success of Methodism, is known only to God. But it is pleasant and profitable to reflect on the fact that she wielded a vigorous, molding influence upon her sons. A certain historian, writing of her, says: "There can be little doubt that her teaching and example exercised no slight influence upon the character of her sons." Mr. Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," referring to his mother, says: "She devoted such a proportion of time as she could afford to discourse with each child by itself, on one night of the week, upon the duties and the hopes of Christianity; and it may well be believed that these circumstances of their childhood had no inconsiderable influence upon their proceedings when they became the founders and directors of a new community of Christians." It is not too much to say that the throb of that mother's influence is felt even to-day, not only in the Methodist Church, but more or less in other denominations. Thank God for the strong, Christian mothers of the world! What tremendous issues are held in their hands! How much they need to pray and be prayed for!

THE UNCERTAINTY OF SOME FIGURES.

REV. WILLIAM F. BERRY.

AN article by Bishop W. F. Mallalieu on "Numerical Methodism in New England," appeared in ZION'S HERALD of Jan. 15. The writer's purpose was stated in the following words: "The purpose of the present article is to consider the numerical condition of Methodism in a single State of New England, rather than the whole territory. And New Hampshire is chosen as fairly well illustrating the conditions that are prevalent in the other five States." These prevalent conditions were: the going out of natives, the coming in of aliens, and for forty years a nearly stationary population.

In the HERALD of April 23, an article by me was published in which I corrected statistics given by Bishop Mallalieu in his article, and affirmed and gave proof that neither New Hampshire nor any single New England State could fairly be taken to illustrate "the conditions that are prevalent in the other five States." May 15 Bishop Mallalieu responded in the HERALD, ridiculing my corrections of his statistics. The good advice with which he commences: "When one undertakes to correct another, he ought to be sure he is right himself," I followed before making the corrections. I consulted, and my corrections were based upon the testimony of, the "Compendium of the Tenth Census of the U. S. A.," the "Britannica" (article "Maine," written by Joshua L. Chamberlain, ex-governor of Maine), the "Statesman's Year Book" for 1887, and other authorities.

In noticing my first charge, that the area of New England was incorrectly given by him, he says: "As though the matter of a few square miles more or less had anything to do with the principle involved, viz., that many of the natives have been moving out of New England, and many aliens have been moving in, and thus the difficulties of the work of Methodism are largely increased," etc. We frankly admit that the accuracy or inaccuracy of the figures does not affect the principle involved. But with Bishop Mallalieu please tell us what the following paragraph, taken from his article of Jan. 15, and containing the figures corrected by us, has to do with the "principle involved?"

"There are many people in New England and out of it who do not realize how small are the dimensions of this part of the country. There are 88,342 square miles in the six States; but Maine alone has 33,000 square miles, so that the other five have only 33,342, while Ohio has 39,964. In this connection it must be remembered that half of Maine is a wilderness, and will not be settled for many years. Missouri is nearly twice as large as all New England exclusive of Maine; Minnesota is almost three times as large; and even Kansas is two and a half times as large. New Hampshire has 9,280 square miles. It is the third in size of the six. Vermont and Maine are larger, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island are smaller; but a third of New Hampshire is rocky, rough, mountainous, and poorly adapted for human habitation."

Well, what of all this? What, pray, has the ignorance more or less of the people, in or out of New England, or "the small dimension of this part of the country;" what the relative size of New England, Ohio, and the other States mentioned; what the relative size of the New England States, and what has the amount of wilderness in Maine or the number of rocks in New Hampshire, to do with the principle involved, i. e., that natives are going out and aliens are coming into these States, etc.? We thought Bishop Mallalieu had not seen in fit force and logic that would help in unfolding the "principle involved;" and though we could not see the relevancy of this paragraph, we walked by faith and reasoned if the knowledge of the small dimension of New England will help in unfolding the "principle involved," why, the people ought to know, for the sake of the "principle involved," that New England is about 6,000 square miles smaller than the Bishop's figures. So, to strengthen his point, we made the correction. Now we are told that a few square miles more or less have nothing to do with the "principle involved." But, from the above quotation, the Bishop thought otherwise when he wrote the article of Jan. 15.

A long list of authorities is given to show that opinions differ as to the area of Maine. The authorities cited are very respectable, but their correctness does not follow from their respectability. One Thomas Davidson

wrote for the "Britannica" an article on Longfellow, in which he declares Portland to be the capital of Maine. I suppose the "Britannica" is a very respectable authority, and possibly there are other authorities for Portland, but, as a matter of fact, Augusta is the capital of Maine. The "Compendium of the Tenth Census of the U. S. A." ought to be better authority than any quoted by the Bishop. That gives the area of Maine 29,895 square miles, and a note prefixed to the table of areas in the Census Report states that "re-computed areas" are used in the Report (our figures were 29,845; a mistake in copying changed the 9 to a 5). Ex-Governor Chamberlain's article in the "Britannica" gives the land area of Maine as 29,895 square miles. The "Statesman's Year-Book" for 1887 gives the area of Maine as 29,890 square miles.

It may be "absurd to call in question figures" that, according to United States tables, are nearly one-tenth too large in one case, and nearly one-fifth too large in another. It would be "more absurd still to base an argument on the assumed mistakes." Why Bishop Mallalieu wrote this last sentence, I cannot conceive. Did I base an argument upon the corrections made in the areas given by him? Even a hasty and careless reader of the paper referred to by him would be compelled to answer no. After the brief paragraph in which the correction of his figures is made, there is not an allusion to his statistical errors in the more than a column which follows.

The third paragraph in my paper referred to by him commences: "Neither the State of New Hampshire nor any single New England State can fairly be taken to illustrate the conditions that are prevalent in the other five States." What follows is devoted first to the proof of this statement, then to the relative growth of Methodism in New England. Will Bishop Mallalieu kindly point out "the assumed mistakes" upon which the argument is so absurdly based, or withdraw this charge?

In Bishop Mallalieu's article of Jan. 15 he says: "And New Hampshire is chosen as fairly well illustrating the condition prevalent in the other five States" (italics ours). He later says: "But the especially remarkable thing about the population of New Hampshire is that for the last forty years it has been very nearly stationary." Now, the facts are, that New Hampshire from 1800 to 1880 gained in population 6.4 per cent.; Massachusetts, 44.8; Rhode Island, 58; and Connecticut, 35 per cent. Does New Hampshire fairly well illustrate the growth of population in the three last-named States? New Hampshire decreased in the same period in native population 1.3 per cent., and Massachusetts increased in native population 37.9 per cent., Connecticut 29, and Rhode Island 47.5 per cent. Does New Hampshire fairly well illustrate this condition of growth in native population? And does "the especially remarkable thing about the population of New Hampshire, that it has been very nearly stationary for the past forty years," fairly well illustrate the prevalent condition in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut for the same period? The population in the United States increased from 1800 to 1880 59.5 per cent. May not New Hampshire as fairly well illustrate the conditions of growth in population in the Union as a whole as in Rhode Island, whose gain was 58 per cent. in the same period?

Finally, "fairly well" is an elastic phrase, but its elasticity must be stretched beyond the safety point to make New Hampshire illustrate in any truly fair sense the conditions of growth in population, or growth in native population, prevalent in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut for its past forty years.

MISSIONARY CONFERENCE IN CHINA.

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1890.

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APPREHEND AND APPLY.

It is often necessary to give line upon line, and precept upon precept, that one's purpose be not misunderstood. For this reason the circular letter which called forth the articles on "Ecclesiastical Politics" is kept before our readers. It was also stated editorially that the only purpose of Zion's Herald was to arouse a public sentiment within the church that should prevent the continuance of such practices in the future.

As was expected, the minority, who alone are guilty in these premises, endeavor to parry the force of these articles with the charge that Zion's Herald is endeavoring to scandalize the denomination. To such accusation most emphatic denial is made. Will our readers please again critically examine the circular letter—the only request and instruction sent to these writers? Conscience and love of the church solely were to control their pens. Zion's Herald would have been intensely gratified if every man could have declared that the current rumors and reports were false. The revelations are made by the purest, ablest and best-beloved representatives in the church. These men are as jealous of the honor of the denomination as any persons within its fold. To complain of the effort to correct these glaring evils, is to imitate the faithless Hebrews who condemned the prophets for their words of rebuke and warning. Will our readers, then, fully apprehend the situation?

How shall such disclosures be treated? Our church has only to address itself, with its large and overwhelming majority of innocent and heroic ministers and laymen, to the application of the remedy needed. The denomination can surely cure these evils within its own household. These practices are probably no worse than would have crept into any ecclesiastical body having so large a membership and so many elective offices at its disposal. That the men elected are held in such high repute by the church and the general public, is evidence of the honorable position which the denomination holds in the thought and affection of Christendom.

Self-seeking is clearly the fungus-growth. Exclusion is the only remedy. Let it be applied in all our borders. There is no Pharisaism in moving for this reform. The drastic remedy may be as much needed in our own circle as anywhere. It should begin there. To build over against one's own household is as good and effective tactics as when Nehemiah gave the order. Let him who has been culpable be so no more. Let all Conference states, old or new, be broken. Discard all "claims" for promotion. Jesus Christ forbade Gentile ambitions and expectations, saying distinctly: "But so it shall not be among you." There is no such thing in the Christian system as a "claim." It is purely a fiction and a pretense. It would be well if many noble and neglected men could normally gravitate to recognition.

In this week's issue a man long held in highest and loving esteem by the church speaks his own frank word. It is gratifying that it is a conservative and apologetic utterance. Next week we shall hear from the New York District. It will be a characteristic and forceful message from one who has earned the right to speak for his church.

LEADERSHIP OF THE PEOPLE.

Leadership in legislation, in methods of administration, and in measures to secure reform, must proceed from the source of authority. In monarchies that source is found in the ruling class, the king or emperor and the aristocracy. Remedial measures must descend from above, for the reason that the right to rule resides in the higher classes. In Russia the Czar is absolute; all reforms must come from him. The Nihilist struggles in vain to rise and to make place for his ideas

in the government, for he has no rights the Czar feels bound to respect. Peter the Great, himself a barbarian, lifted savage Russia by the nape of the neck to the platform of the modern world. It was reform enforced from above with small response from below. It was flat reform, which has never been very successful. The nomad and the Tartar remain underneath Peter's coarse varnish to struggle up through tears and suffering to a better condition. Henry VIII. of England brought in the Reformation by fiat rule. He was successful in lifting the people, because the people responded to his effort with a noble religiousness, independence and courage, which ultimately brought them into the lead.

In America the sovereignty resides in the people; and hence the people must lead in measures for political and social improvement. In expecting statesmen and parties to lead, we mistake. Parties and statesmen are not the rulers; they are the servants of the people. In the nature of the case, they must be conservative, following the beaten path until a voice from headquarters orders a halt or a change of course. To strike into new paths would be a dangerous precedent. It would be on the assumption that they had the right to lead, that rule inhered in them instead of the people. This would be bad American doctrine. With the inherent right to govern, the people must also take the lead in all measures for the improvement of their social and moral condition. Amelioration must come through their own efforts rather than those of a ruling class. Paternal government we have eschewed in favor of government by the people as well as for the people. If the people in America have had government, it is their own fault. They make it themselves. In America we want no Czar or Henry VIII., as we wanted no George III. Despotism may move a little quicker, or more directly to the mark; we prefer to hasten slowly and even by a more circuitous route. The safety of the republic lies in the leading of the great popular head and heart. We often expect too much of individual leaders and parties; they are safe only so long as they hear the footsteps of the people behind them; they are the mere agents of the sovereign people, who, if they will enjoy liberty, must be at the trouble to guard it. As all history shows, human rights are insecure when the keeping of them is deputed to another, whether it be king, noble or party. If the people would be sure of safe rule, let them rule themselves, lead themselves, swear by no man or party.

SUMMER WOODS, FIELDS AND FLOWERS.

Whatever modification theological theory may have undergone in these unstable times as to the physical, mental and moral condition of the original ancestors of our race, it cannot be denied that between the historical man and the ideal man—between the man of earth's dark and dismal ages and the man of God's original thought and final purpose—there is a yawning chasm which only the process of redemption and the civilizing agencies and forces it creates can adequately span. In spite of the alleged fabulousness and undoubted old-fashionedness of the doctrine of the fall, it is still perhaps a permissible and proper thing to cling, in default of anything better, to the old belief that "twas

"Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of the forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat."

We need not, however, commit ourselves to an indiscriminate endorsement of every inference that has been drawn from that ancient fable (*hamartia*) to hit the mark. Lapse brought serious loss, but not the loss of everything. The love of "the true and good and beautiful" as revealed in nature and in human thought and life is still a potent power greatly impaired passion in the sad heart of humanity; and there still lingers in the soul the faint and fitful echoes of eternal things. It is long since the fallen pair, expelled from Paradise by the angel of retribution,

"With wandering steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way;"

and yet the lonesome mountain and the unresting sea, the summer woods and fields and flowers, retain their charm for over-worked and weary men and women who hurry from the city's mid-summer heat to seek a brief communion with their suggestive mystery, their soothing quiet, and their inspiring loveliness. Even the original transgressor heard "the voice of God" "walking in the garden in the cool of the day," and that voice haunts the chambers of the human soul, amid the verdure and bloom and minstrelsy of nature, still. As the colossal statue of Memnon, shattered by earthquake and sitting sullenly in his ruin, half-buried amid the sands of the Egyptian desert, breathed forth his plaintive strain to the morning light as soon as its first rays reached him, so the heart within us, though from a good blessedness fallen, promptly responds to the voice of nature through which the blessed Creator still holds communion with the soul. So that there is more of fact than fancy in the sister's reply to her little sick brother, when by the sounding summer sea the thoughtful child asks,—

"What are the wild waves saying,
Slater, the whole day long,
That ever amid our playing
I hear but their low lone song?"

Not by the seaside only,
Where it sounds wild and free,
But at night when 'tis dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me."

And she answers,—
"No, it is something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone—
The voice of the great Creator
Dwells in that mighty tone."

The pessimistic scientist of our day would obscure our grateful sense of the benevolent Presence and Power who "makes everything beautiful in its season" by scornfully pointing us to a nature

"Red in tooth and claw."

And occasionally a piteous more melancholy than thankful would depose us of the few rags and tatters of consolation that unquestionably remain to us, by reminding that

"Some flowers of Eden we yet inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

And yet no one really believes that this lovely world, which the Greeks and the Latins designated "a thing of consummate beauty"—the former calling it *kosmos* and the latter *mundus*—is really the scene of an unrestrained savagery and is abandoned to the control of the devil. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin," Solomon in robes of royal splendor was not nearly so gaily dressed. And Christ reminds us that the many-hued dress of the fields is woven by the hand of God.

One "touch of nature," at least, that makes us all alive, is left unmarred by the "serpent's trail"; our love of God's world in its summer glory is as spontaneous, deep and enduring as it was

"When Adam delved and Eve span."

What poetry alone can adequately express, we all after our several fashions most deeply feel.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
Will teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

Not the man of culture and refinement only, but often the common, uneducated, but is ready to say,—

"To me the meaneest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And how many, mentally ruminating, when the summer is gone, over the pleasant sensations and incidents of a brief vacation, may say,—

"The sounding catarrh
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms were then to me
An appetite."

Men grow weary of the "sweets" of society and of the pomp and pageantry of courts. They even become satiated with the delights of science, art, literature and philosophy. But our interest in God's lovely world never dies. Indeed, were it not so, Virgil's famous picture of the old Corycian's garden, drawn as it is in lines of immortal beauty and simplicity, would have been impossible. "I remember that under the lofty turrets of 'Ebalia,' runs the fine translation of Mrs. Lecky, where black Galesus moistened the yellow fields, I saw an old Corycian to whom belonged a few acres of neglected land not rich enough for the plough, not fit for grazing, nor kindly for vines. Yet here planting among the bushes a few pot-herbs, white lilies, vervain and slender poppies, he watched in his contentment the wealth of kings; and returning late at night was used to load his board with unbought dainties. He was the first to gather the rose in spring and fruit in autumn; and even while stern winter was splitting the rocks with cold and briding the rivers with ice, in that very season he would pluck the tender hyacinth, chiding the late spring and the lazy zephyrs. . . . Abundant limes and pines were his, and for every blossom the fertile tree had borne in early spring, it bore fruit in autumn ripeness."

General Clinton B. Fisk.

The telegraph has not carried a greater shock or brought deeper grief to our Methodist than in the announcement of the death of General Fisk. He died at his residence in New York city on July 9. It was not generally known that he was ill. The immediate cause of his death was heart failure brought on by rheumatic fever. His illness began about two months ago with the recurrence of a gripe at Coldwater, Mass., where he had gone to attend the funeral of his wife's mother.

Clinton Bowen Fisk was born in York, Livingston County, N. Y., on Dec. 8, 1828, and was taken to Michigan when quite young. His father died about two years later, leaving his wife with five small children, of whom Clinton was the youngest. His boyhood was passed at Clinton, Lenawee County, in that State. He worked on a farm for a time, but was a great reader and afterward had the benefit of a few terms at Albion Academy. Failure of his eyesight prevented him from completing his course there. He went into business in Coldwater as a clerk, and married the daughter of his employer, Miss Jeannette A. Crippen, who bore him two sons and a daughter. He soon became a partner in the firm and had charge of its banking interests. To sketch even the outlines of his prominent life would require large space. Happily he has been so familiarly known to our readers that this is unnecessary. His connection with the Civil War was most honorable and successful. With ardent patriotism he entered the army early in 1861, and rose by his own merit to the rank of brevet major general. He was a close and trusted friend and servant of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln would not accept his resignation at the close of the war, but assigned him to the important work of the Freedmen's Bureau in Kentucky and Tennessee. Here in an earnest effort at reconstruction and pacification to restore order and good fellowship, it is thought by many, he did the greatest work of his life. Genial, kindly, wise but firm, he was particularly fitted for such a mission. During his service in the Freedmen's Bureau he saw the need of a means of liberally educating the colored people, and helped to found the Fisk University, at Nashville, Tenn., of whose board of trustees he was the president up to the time of his death. General Grant appointed him a member of the Indian Commission—a position which he continued to hold with signal usefulness.

No layman has had so large, useful and unique a place in our church. Converted at the age of nine years, Methodism in its great and varied work filled him with enthusiasm. In the educational, missionary, church extension, Book Concern—indeed, in all the large movements and operations of the denomination, he has been an indispensable factor.

But his attitude towards the liquor traffic has made him the largest place in the church and with the general public. Here the associations and memories are especially profound and tender. In his death a great multitude of prohibitory associates and friends are personally bereaved. Of him especially are they saying: "There are tears and aching hearts for thee." General Fisk was a prohibitionist from principle. He could not be anything else. As the nominee for governor on the prohibitory ticket in New Jersey, and as the candidate of the Prohibitory Party for President of the United States, his form sincere and transparent was his life, that he should stand up for the "unspotted from the world." Upon whom shall his mantle fall? His loss to the prohibitory cause seems at this writing irreparable.

In public address he was attractive and impressive. With a fund of facetious incidents and illustrations that never failed, with strong moral and philanthropic sentiments, familiar with all the great movements of the age, with ready and forcible vocabulary, General Fisk was one of the most popular platform speakers of his day.

As friend and companion, as host or guest, with his charming repartee, with his kind and hopeful words just when some despondent soul most needed them—who can adequately characterize him?

He was, all in all, a unique man. Grateful and bereaved hearts all over this land will in this hour of their peculiar grief best speak his praise. A great cloud of sorrowful witnesses, we believe, will prayerfully help to sustain the wife who has so sympathetically and helpfully shared all her husband's labors, victories and joys, and the noble children, in this hour of their unpeaking grief.

As we go to press, our New York correspondent, "Manhattan," sends the following sadly interesting note relative to the funeral of Gen. Fisk:—

"A very tender and most impressive service was held on last Friday afternoon in the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York city, over all that was mortal of Gen. Clinton B. Fisk. The church was densely crowded, and the services were of the most solemn and appropriate character. The city Church Extension Society, and the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, met in the church parlors and lecture-room some time before the hour arranged for the funeral, and after preparing and adopting special resolutions relating to the life and work of Gen. Fisk, they proceeded to place assigned them in the church. A large number of ministers were present, including not only the city pastors, but many from the adjoining cities and towns. Fisk University, Dickinson College, Drew Seminary, and other institutions and societies with Gen. Fisk had more or less prominently identified, sent one or more representatives, and a more distinguished company has seldom assembled in the history of our church. The services were under the direction of Rev. Dr. McChesney, Gen. Fisk's pastor, and the pastor of the Madison Avenue Church.

"After the reading of the Scriptures, Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, spoke of the public life and service of Gen. Fisk. Dr. Buckley's address was of rare beauty and pathos. In a very tender but most effective manner he sketched the main points in the history of Gen. Fisk, and as he described the youth and early struggles, then the man of business, the gallant soldier, the wise administrator, the gifted speaker, the eminent philanthropist, the humble Christian, the congregation realized something of the great loss which the church and the nation had sustained.

"Bishop Andrews was the next speaker, and with exquisite tenderness he dwelt upon the home and religious life of him over whom they were called this day to mourn. The last days and hours were spoken of in simple but pathetic terms, and without intrusion we were conducted to the chamber of the dying man, and listened to words of hope and comfort that fell from the lips once so eloquent, but now hushed in silence.

"Dr. McChesney briefly, but touchingly spoke of Gen. Fisk's relation to the church, and of his simple faith and consistent character, and closed by describing some pastoral visits which he had made to the General during his illness.

"Rev. M. D. Crawford led in prayer, after which a favorite hymn of Gen. Fisk, and one which he had copied into his own Bible, was sung: 'How sweet the name of Jesus pronounced. An opportunity was then given to look for the last time at the dear familiar face, and reverently the great congregation availed themselves of the sad privilege. Handsome in life, he was still more handsome in death, and as he lay in that deep dreamless sleep, a heavenly light seemed to shine upon that expressive countenance.

"From the church the remains were taken to Michigan, to rest beside the kindred gone before, until the glad morning of the resurrection. Mrs. Fisk and family have no deeper sympathy of the whole church in this time of great bereavement and sorrow."

The Kind of Preaching Needed.

Theodore and successful pastor of St. John's Church, South Boston, is making earnest and aggressive effort to apply the Gospel to the actual needs of the people with whom he lives. Recently he preached a sermon on the subject of "The Need of the Hour," in which he made a strong appeal to the church to secure more generous treatment from their members. That the sermon was fitting and effective, is shown by the following letter which the minister received:—

Mr. Banks: What consummate fools you preachers do make of yourselves in speaking of the labor question as you do. I speak as a man, not as a minister. I am a member of men, who are happy while working for me 10 hours a day. I charge it upon you, and all such as you—it is such sedition that you are creating. The apostle denounces the idler. Moreover, coming from such novices, leads me to warn you to know more and say less. Your mission, if genuine, is to save souls. Exclusive, sacred, grand work. I say to you, sir, attend to it. Respectfully,

W. T. FAUNCE.

Boston, June 30, 1890.

We have read with much interest and hearty approval the following reply which Mr. Banks made from his pulpit. He said he did not read the letter because he was in a way offended at this gentleman for his statement of opinion, but because it illustrated a certain erroneous sentiment concerning the proper range of pulpit discussion.

"The phrase 'to save souls' has been made to cover a multitude of selfish sins. When I was in Seattle in the days of the anti-Chinese riots, and the apostle denounced the Chinamen from my pulpit, I was promptly advised to devote myself 'to saving souls.' When in Boise City, Idaho, I denounced the growing crime of kidnapping, and to the surprise of some of the time-serving political newspapers severely reminded me it was my business 'to save souls.' And now

in Boston, when I denounce the cruel combinations of capital, which defeat honest and free competition in the labor world, and defend the laborer's right to share in the advantages that have accrued from the inventions of our day, I am not astonished to hear the old tune, 'it is your business 'to save souls.' I want it distinctly understood that this pulpit has no mission to disembodied souls. My mission is to preach the gospel of justice, righteousness to men and women who are still in the flesh. A great many men who are made uncomfortable by the conscience-searching truthfulness of the pulpit would very gladly turn the ministry aside to dealing with ghosts. If the gospel of the carpenter of Nazareth has no mission to the carpenters of Boston in their struggle for a just and equitable adjustment of the conditions of their daily toil, then it has no mission at all."

"The Woman Question."

Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D., has a characteristic strong article in last week's *New York Christian Advocate*, on the admission of women to the General Conference. Here is a paragraph that carries the trend of the article:—

"While Methodism has from the beginning repudiated any interpretation of Paul's words which would shut out the sisterhood from vocal participation in divine worship, it is not a little remarkable that these very passages should be used among us to controvert the right of women to share in the councils of the church. We do not hesitate to largely continue the instruction of our youth in the fundamental truths of religion to women. We do not hesitate to make them class-leaders and acknowledge their ability to guide souls in the way of eternal life, nor to give them the office of stewards, and thus make them members of quarterly conferences, with the power of helping to decide who shall be licensed to preach and who shall be recommended for admission to the Annual Conference, and of taking part generally in the government of the church as it is committed to the quarterly conference. When did the General Conference become so sacred, or when did it attain such peculiar divine rights of government, that persons fully qualified to preach and to administer the sacraments of the church in a quarterly conference are not by any means to be admitted to the General Conference?"

While Zion's Herald will provide its readers with a comprehensive treatment of all phases of this question, the attitude of the paper editorially will be unqualifiedly in support of the admission of women to the General Conference.

PERSONALS.

—President W. F. Warren and family have removed to their summer residence at Wilbraham.

—Rev. W. F. Oldham, of India, has received the honorary degree of D. D. from Allegheny College.

—Rev. L. D. Bentley, of Norwich, Conn., is willing to preach for any church one Sabbath month without charge, except for traveling expenses.

—The National University which conferred the honorary degree upon Rev. H. Howard, of Franklin, is of Chicago, and not of Worcester, as our informant stated.

—Rev. D. A. Jordan, as president of the Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting Association, will have charge of the meetings at Cottage City the present season.

—Miss Agnes, daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Wellesley W. Bowditch, was recently married to Mr. William H. Ziegler, of Brooklyn, the bride's father officiating.

—An exchange has it that Dr. Howard Henderson, now of Cincinnati, may succeed Bishop Haysgood as the manager and disbursing agent of the Slater Fund.

—We are very glad to learn that Rev. C. N. Grandison, the eloquent colored man, is coming North to preach and lecture at the assemblies. We advise our readers to hear him if they have opportunity.

—Rev. Dr. Dennison, of Topeka, Kansas, enjoyed the reunion of his class at Wesleyan University, and came to Boston and spent the Sabbath with his old and long-time friend, Dr. J. H. Twombly, of Brookline.

—Rev. Wesley Haskell, of Southwest Harbor, Me., has just secured five new subscribers for Zion's Herald. This successful young pastor evidently believes in providing his people with a religious paper even in the heated season.

—Dr. R. R. Doherty has written an interesting article for the *Belfast St. Record* for July on "The Church Lyceum and the Epworth League." Dr. Doherty is the secretary of the Epworth League and a ready helper of the League interests in every department.

—On account of the illness of the minister in charge at San Prairie, Wisconsin, the presiding elder of the district has removed Rev. J. C. Maxham from Fox Lake and stationed him at San Prairie. Mr. Maxham was formerly connected with the Vermont Conference.

—That Gov. Goodell of New Hampshire has so far recovered his health as to resume the duties of his office, is a source of satisfaction to the many who so much admired his conscientious and heroic course in the enforcement of the prohibitory legislation of that State.

—William Kerr, of Somerville, a useful member of the Union Square M. E. Church, with his wife, sailed for England by the "Cephalonia" on Saturday, to be absent until autumn. Mr. Kerr was born in Scotland, and has not visited his native land since he came here forty years ago.

—We notice with unusual gratification the fact that the trustees of Dickinson College have, through the munificence of a number of the English Bibles, established the chair of the English Bible, and elected Prof. A. W. Rogers, of Philadelphia, to fill it. We hope such a chair may soon be established in all our institutions of learning.

—One of the most distinguished guests at the Hotel Athenaeum in Chautauque, N. Y., is Mrs. Henry W. Grady, who is accompanied by her son, Henry W., and her daughter, Miss Gussie. The son, who was spoken of by the dead orator in his last and most memorable public speech, is a bright youth of seventeen.

—A college student writes from Northfield:—

"The most scholarly address which we have had during the session was delivered by Prof. Townsend, Tuesday morning. I wish it might be published in the Herald. His theme was 'Miracles.'"

It is hoped that such an earnest and urgent invitation will procure for Zion's Herald the coveted manuscript most speedily.

—Hon. Frederick Billings, of Woodstock, Vt., who, we regret to learn, is still seriously ill, has lately received the numerous generous acts of his career by giving \$150,000 to three educational institutions in western New England—\$50,000 each to the Moody School at Northfield, to Amherst College, and to the University of Vermont at Burlington. One local Methodist Church at Woodstock has been the grateful recipient of the generous consideration of this eminent Christian layman.

—It is undoubtedly true that American ministers cultivate and develop the power of eloquent speech as perhaps do the clergy of no other land. We are reminded of this fact as we read the report of a sermon in the *Christian Advocate*, the organ of Irish Meth-

odism, which Bishop Warren preached in Belfast, on "Seek first the kingdom of God." A long and full abstract closes with these words: "This is but a poor description of one of the most marvelous sermons it has been our privilege to listen to."

—Willard Macy, of Newton Upper Falls, died on the cars on his way to Boston on Saturday, the 15th inst. Mr. Macy was well and prominently known in the business circles of Newton and Boston, and long a leader and helpful member of the Methodist Church. His funeral took place at the church, Rev. John Peterson, the pastor, officiating. Many representative men in business circles from the city of Newton and Boston were present. A fitting obituary of this noble and useful man will appear in our columns.

—President Raymond, in his address at Saratoga on "The Scholarly Spirit," delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, in defining the scholar as "a man thinking," spoke these strong words:—

"Thus spoke Emerson fifty-seven years ago. His definition, however, is a text that needs unfolding. The scholar is not necessarily a recluse or a bookworm. The world moves with much velocity, and the momentum of the currents of steam and electricity is so irresistible, that the veriest Rip Van Winkle of thought must wake up and adjust himself to the go of things, or be rolled helplessly in the revolving wake of the centuries."

—Hon. J. A. Woolson, of the Wesleyan Association, and wife were interested attendants upon the celebration of Jesse Lee's first sermon on Boston Common, reported on our 8th page. Mrs. Woolson's grandmother was present and heard Jesse Lee preach that memorable sermon. Her name was then Rachel Drake, and she was ten years of age. At the close of the sermon Jesse Lee invited all who desired to meet him in heaven to come forward and take him by the hand. That young girl quickly responded, and received from the earnest preacher a hearty welcome and gracious blessing.

—When Professor Blackie gave up his chair of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, he resolved to devote himself to work in behalf of the Hebrew and crucifers, or lower class of peasants. To that he is now giving his whole energy. "Let Greek die," he said recently; "let Hebrew die; let learning go to the dogs; but let human beings live, and let human brotherhood and charity live." If the women and men of culture and of leisure in this land were inspired by such a spirit of consecration and passion to help those less highly favored, a great moral revolution would soon be wrought.

BRIEFLETS.

The *Christian Union* characterizes the Louisiana Lottery as "the blackest blot upon the fair name of the United States."

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "I have never seen anybody that didn't make mistakes, except babies, and they always die early."

Ninety-four colleges have received in gifts within a year the very respectable sum of \$3,625,079. And these are Christian institutions.

Christ pronounced the "Woe" upon the disobedient people. It was his prerogative to do it. He was the judge. Ministers should rarely, if ever, assume such a right.

It is much better, if practicable, for the stationed minister to arrange with the committee for the supply of his pulpit during his entire vacation before he takes his departure.

The "Hedding Chautauque Annual" is issued from the press of R. W. Musgrove, of Bristol, N. H. It contains a full and voluminous program of the Hedding Academia and of Chautauque Assembly which are to be held at East Epping, besides much other interesting matter. The pamphlet is for gratuitous distribution.

Dr. Pierson said to the college students who are to enter upon missionary service: "If you can get where you can say, 'Take me, Lord; break me, Lord; and then make me, Lord,' you can go anywhere, but don't leave out the 'Break me, Lord.' Many of us need most to pray, 'Break me, Lord.'"

We rejoice that the *Epworth Herald* exhibits such intellectual and spiritual balance. These words are quoted by it from an exchange: "We would rather have a crazy church than a dead church." To which the *Epworth Herald* replies: "We would rather have neither. There is as little excuse for one as the other."

The *Christian Union* closes a critical review of the first three volumes of Bishop Foster's "Studies" with these strong words:—

"On the whole, these characteristic 'Studies' are very welcome; both for themselves, as a contribution of great value to the development of theological science, and for their source, since they add emphasis to the right of Methodist thought to an honored place in the world of intellectual activity."

The response which one reader makes to Rev. L. N. Beaudry's appeal for aid in the work of French evangelization, is very touching, and evinces a most noble spirit of self-sacrifice. The lady says:—

"When I noticed your call, the good Spirit said, 'You can spare that five dollars.' So here it is. My prayers and sympathy go with it. It was money hard earned by my own hands, and I am 75 years old. I have been a constant reader of Zion's Herald since 1828."

That faithful minister who rejoices that the whole Bible is to him on a "flat level of inspiration," will need to turn his attention to Bishop Foster, who says in his latest volumes:—

"It is important to keep in remembrance

[illegible]

The Family.

SUCCESS.

LILLIAN GREY.

She came at last, and reverent placed
Upon his brow a laurel crown;
Brought gifts of rare and priceless worth,
And at his feet she laid them down.
She told of praise from many tongues,
She sang of triumph yet to be,
When grateful hearts should bless his name
From land to land, and sea to sea.

She came, but, ah, she came too late!
For the poor toiler, overwrought
With disappointment, want, and pain,
Had welcomed death to respite brought.
His eyes saw not fame's dazzling light,
His patient feet might never tread
The glittering path along the height.

His nerveless hand might never bear
The palm of hard-won victory;
He could not know the good he wrought,
Nor golden harvests ever reap.
Strange fate! so long to live and strive,
And then at last to faint and fall.
Success! if thou must come so late,
Why dost thou come at all?

THE COMING OF THE KING.

"They shall see the King in His beauty."

All day long we watched and waited,
Waiting for our darling's side,
While her frail form slowly drifted
Out upon a shoreless tide.

We had wept in bitter anguish,
We had prayed with burning tears,
While our hearts drew back aghast,
Looking down the lonesome years.

All in vain our tears and pleading,
All in vain our cries and wail,
We could only watch and listen
For the coming of the King.

Oh, the terror of the coming
Of the grim and ghastly foe!
Oh, the darkness of the pathway
Where our darling's feet must go!

Oh, the glory of the summer
Bending skies so blue and clear,
And the splendor of the roses,
And the birds—sings and cheer!

Must she leave this world of beauty,
All the joy our love could bring,
And lie down in darkness silence
At the coming of the King?

Came He solemnly and slowly
As a lord who claims his own,
Touched the white hands clasped together,
And they grew as cold as stone.

Suddenly the blue eyes opened,
While our hearts grew faint with fear,
In their depths in solemn rapture
Faith and hope were shining clear.

Did she see the golden portals?
Hear the songs the blessed sing?
"Perfect peace," the voice murmured,
At the coming of the King.

When the days are long and lonely
Summer days most sweet and fair,
When we gather in the gloaming
Round our darling's vacant chair,

Say we softly to the summer
Fairer scenes than we can know,
Sweeter airs and softer voices,
Made our darling glad to go.

Shines her happy smile upon us,
Still a smile is lingering,
So in patient trust we tarry
For the coming of the King.

—Advocate and Guardian.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. —Emerson.

New scenery is of no use to us unless our
natures are clear enough to reflect it, as I have
seen mountains doubled on quiet lakes. —
Edward Garrett.

On the shores of Brittany — so runs the
tale — is the buried city of Is. When the
coast-line sunk, the city was submerged. The
old life of the city goes on beneath the waves;
through the still waves the floating fishermen
see the gleaming tips of the church spires,
hear the chiming of the bells, and the far
murmur of the city life, as one hears the
moan of the sea in the empty shell. So men
are haunted by the buried past, the golden
age, the race memory of a better age. Nay,
not so; John was wiser when he saw the city
of the new kingdom coming down from God
out of heaven, not from the depths of the
past.

"Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down the wished ideal;
And longing molds in life,
What life carves in the marble real."

The wished ideal is only the prophetic
shadow of God's perfect plan falling on the
soul of man. As that shadow deepens, and
the outlines grow sharp and clear, the city
draws near. Its coming waits only for the
submission to the will of God. — Rev. O. P.
Gifford.

I like the Bible folded between lids of cloth,
of calfskin, or morocco, but I like it better
when, in the shape of a man, it goes out into
the world — a Bible illustrated. Courage is
beautiful to read about; but rather would I
see a man with all the world against him, con-
fident as though all the world were for him.
Patience is beautiful to read about; but rather
would I see a buffeted soul calmly waiting for
the time of deliverance. Faith is beautiful to
read about; but rather would I find a man in
the midnight walking strong and clear, as though
he saw everything. When, in the Mexican
War, the troops were wavering, a general rose
his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's
lines, shouting, "Men, follow me!" They
seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on
after him and gained the victory. What man
wants to rally them for God is an example to
lead them. All your commands to others to
advance amount to nothing so long as you
stay behind. To affect them aright you need
to start for heaven yourself. — T. De Witt Tal-
mage.

This is the earth He walked on; not alone
That Asian country keeps the sacred stain;
'Tis not alone the far Judean plain,
Mountain and river! Lo! the sun that shone
On Him, shines now on us; when day is gone
The moon of Gethsemane comes forth again
And lights our path, as His; an endless chain
Of years and sorrows makes the round world one.
The air we breathe, the breath — the very air
That took the mold and music of His high
And godlike speech. Since then shall mortal
dare
With base thought from the over-erased sky,
Soll with foul deed the ground whereon He laid
In holy death His pale, immortal head?
—Richard Watson Gilder.

That was a weird injunction from Abraham
to Dives, "Son, remember!" And yet mem-
ory will grasp and reveal some other things
as well as sins. With some, when the "bag" is
unsealed and a life, perchance, of three
score years and ten. Her fingers will hold up
before the Lord a cross of Calvary, lam-
entations uttered at the throne of grace,
humiliations felt in days of bitterness, tem-
ptations resisted in days of weakness, and tri-
umphs recorded through the blood of the
Lamb. To these, memory will be a recording
angel, who stood by, when your aching tem-
ples rested on a stony pillow. Memory will
be a fresh breath of heaven to waft back from
the earth all the happy recollections of life,
and home, and church, and the way in which

the Lord hath led you. The "bag" will be
opened, and the echoes of the old hymns will
come out floating around the ears — the sweet
thoughts of holy love to God and man will
find a resurrection from a long death — and
the gushing joys of many an hour, full of
glory and of God, will thrill the soul afresh.
Blessed be God, life is not all transgressions
and iniquity. . . .

And, best of all, Christ's memory will not
fall Him, when yours is empty out so many
wrong and weaknesses. Our sins He
will have forgotten, for He will have cast
them "as a stone behind His back, and into
the depth of the sea to be remembered against
us no more forever." Yes, His memory is a
treasure and a storehouse as well as ours,
where things are sealed up. And to some of
you He will say: "My child, you remember
the gaunt cheeks with which I met you on
day in a garret and a cellar. You remember
how my lips were parched with fever, and
how the rags fluttered around my limbs, and
the damp of the dungeon chilled my bones."
Then you will say, "No, my Lord, no; I
have no more memory of that. For years I
have longed to see Thy dear, disfigured
face, but this is the first glimpse that has
ever been vouchsafed to me of the King in
His beauty, but I never saw Thee 'hungry
and fed, or thirsty and gave Thee drink, or
naked and clothed Thee, or sick and in
prison and visited Thee.'" And He who never
forgets your loving acts will say, "Because
you did it to the least of my brethren, you did
it unto Me." Widow or child, student or
professor, you may reply: "Lord, it was not
a thing that I had entirely forgotten it;
it was not one of the things sealed up in a
bag." But Jesus once said and never can
forget His word: "He that gives a cup of
cold water to the least of my disciples, shall
receive a disciple's reward." — Rev. Thomas
Armitage, D. D., L. L. D.

TOM'S VICTORY.

KATE SUMNER GATES.

TOM HENDERSON was on his way down
street when he came face to face with
Dr. Grantley.

"Ah, Tom," said the Doctor, stopping.
"You're just the one I wanted to see. I've
been thinking about Ed Barton very specially
for the past two or three days. He seems to
be a sort of leader among his friends, and I'm
afraid he isn't leading them in the right
direction. Couldn't you influence him in
some way?"

Tom hesitated.
"I don't believe I could," he answered
slowly.

"Have you tried?"
"N—o, sir, not particularly."

"Then you do not know whether you
would succeed or not," said Dr. Grantley.
"You're fond of fishing and I hear you're
quite an expert. I presume you are more or
less proud of your success. My dear boy,
suppose you seek also to be a fisher of men.
It's a glorious calling, Tom. I wish you
would try to be one. Think it over, and be-
gin with Ed. We must draw him, if possi-
ble. Good-morning."

Tom touched his hat, and went his way
with a perplexed expression on his face.
Did Dr. Grantley know that there was
trouble between Ed Barton and himself? They
had hardly spoken for six months or
more, and in his heart Tom knew that he
owed Ed an apology. They had had a little
discussion about something, and Ed had
made an assertion which Tom supposed to be
false, and had called it so. He could not re-
member now just what he had said, but he knew
very well that he had lost all control of his
temper, and had said much that would better
have been left unsaid.

"You will apologize to me, Tom Hender-
son, before I have anything more to do with
you. I am right, and you will find out I am.
If you are a gentleman, you will own it and
apologize," Ed had said.

Well, Tom had found, to his regret I must
own, that, after all, Ed was right, but he had
not owned it nor apologized. He knew that he
ought, but oh, dear! how he hated to do it!
There had been quite an awakening in the
church, and Tom was one of those who had
sought and found Christ, he hoped. This lit-
tle affair with Ed had somehow half slipped
his mind, he had had so much to think about.
He had been very happy in his new hopes,
but now as he left Dr. Grantley he knew per-
fectly well that there was no more peace of
mind for him until he had made frank con-
fession. A fisher of men! Yes, he did wish
to be one; but why was it Dr. Grantley had
chosen the very one he could not influence?
That is, he could not do as Tom wished.

"You know very well that you might, per-
haps, if you would only do your duty," said
conscience. "Are you going to let your
pride stand in the way of your chance of
winning a soul for your Master?"

All day long the question followed Tom,
and he could not or would not decide it. It
was a hard-fought battle, but in his study at
home Dr. Grantley, who knew more of the
matter than Tom suspected, was praying not
only for the one in danger out of Christ, but
also for the young disciple whose feet were
almost slipping.

"O Lord, help him not to leave this to be
a stumbling-stone and rock of offence to him,"
he pleaded earnestly; and who shall say that
it was not in answer to his prayer that Tom
did conquer at last?

Tom was on his way down street again
that evening, and this time met Ed at the
corner where in the morning he had met Dr.
Grantley. One glance showed him that Ed
was not in good company, and Tom was very
well satisfied that he would not spend the
evening in a way to help him any. Could he
do anything? What difference would any-
thing he could say make? "You would have
done your duty," said conscience; "that is
what you have to think about, not the results
— God will take care of those."

There was only a moment for him to de-
cide, and it seemed to Tom that he thought of
everything in that short space of time.

A fisher of men! Yes, he would try to be
one, no matter what it cost. And having
come to this decision, Tom stepped quietly up
to Ed and spoke almost as Dr. Grantley had
told him.

"You are just the one I want to see, Ed. I
owe you an apology — no, I should say two:
One for speaking to you as I did, for you were
right and I was wrong; and one for having
delayed so long to own it. Won't you for-
give me, Ed?"

not pleaded Tom's fault as an excuse for
himself?

"He is one of your new Christians," he had
said with a sneer; "but I don't see as it
makes much difference with him. When he
comes out fair and square and says what he
ought to say to me, I'll give in that there's
something in his religion."

And Tom had come out as fair and square
as ever he could ask. What should he do?
He made some gruff reply to Tom and hurried
on before anything more could be said, but
he was far from comfortable, and soon found
an excuse to get away from his companions.

But go where he would, or do what he
would, the next few days, he could not quiet
the accusing voice within.

"You said when Tom Henderson proved that
his religion had really made a difference with
him, you would give in," it said. "You
knew he would never have asked you to for-
give him unless he had changed. Will you
break your word? You know you are in the
wrong path; why not turn about now?"

Finally Ed went to Tom.
"I didn't believe in you at first, but I do
now, after what you said the other night, and
I wish you'd help me to be a Christian."

Can you guess how very, very thankful
Tom was?

ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Lillian Blanche Fearing, the only lady in
this year's graduating class at the Union College
of Law, Chicago, is entirely blind.

Olive Logan has been honored by an election
to membership in the Incorporated Society of
Authors, of which Lord Tennyson is president.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr lives a hermit sort of life
on the summit of the Storm King mountain on the
Hudson.

Mrs. Gilmore, wife of the famous bandmaster,
arranges most of the music for the band, and in
many ways assists her husband in his professional
work.

Miss Magill, daughter of President Magill of
Swarthmore College, is soon to enter the ministry.

Mrs. L. E. Whitten, of Mountain Hill, Ga.,
has invented a machine that will thresh and clean
peas and garden seed.

A young lady lately applied to the postmaster
at Richmond, Ind., for appointment as letter carrier,
and found that official of the opinion that women are
not eligible to that position.

Ida Lewis, at Newport, is the only woman
light-house keeper in the country, and the last, it is
said, to whom will be given a light by Government.
It is said, also, that no light on all the coast is more
perfectly attended to than is hers, and the govern-
ment inspector always gives her an unusually high
report.

Mrs. Cora B. Foster and Mrs. Ella H. Stewart,
partners in the real estate business in Houston, Tex.,
have been unanimously elected members of the cotton
exchange and board of trade of that city.

Miss Agnes Reppel, the essayist, is about
thirty-five years old, and belongs to one of Philadel-
phia's old families. Her dark eyes, hair, and complexion
and her vivacious manner betray her French
extraction. While somewhat retiring in her disposi-
tion and studious in her habits, she is a brilliant
conversationalist, and is much appreciated when she
goes into society.

In Buffalo, N. Y., a "Nursery Maids' Train-
ing School" has been opened at the Fitch Creche.
Diplomas will be given at the end of four months, if
the proficiency shown is deemed sufficient.

Miss Fanny Williams has just completed a
ten-mile grading contract on the Evansville and Terre
Haute road of the Mackey system near Columbus,
Ind., and has shipped three carloads of horses and
machinery to Wellington, O., where she has another
contract of twenty-five miles of grading on the Cleve-
land and Wellington railroad. This is a new departure
in work for women.

Miss Marcia P. Browne, recently principal of
the Maplewood Grammar School, has been elected
superintendent of the normal department of the
American College, Brazil, and also selected by the
government of that State as director of the depart-
ment for training teachers in the State Normal
School. She is the first Protestant teacher ever em-
ployed by the Brazilian republic.

Mrs. Ex-Governor J. W. Hoyt, of Laramie,
Wyoming, has received the degree of Ph. D. of the
University of Denver, pro meritis, after examination.
Her thesis read in Trinity, Denver, at the Com-
mencement, elicited the most generous applause.

Miss Frances Willard has lately had a gift of
\$850 for the purpose of enlarging and refurnishing
her private study, familiarly called "The Den." It
was a small and inconvenient room in the modest
Rest Cottage, at Evanston, but now is being trans-
formed into a restful place, with Miss Willard de-
scribes as "large and sunny, with bay window, an
open fireplace for cheer and rest, and bookcases of
pretty wood — all because of your tender thought."

SUMMER WORRIES.

A BRIGHT and clever woman was the other
night making up a list of her "pet aver-
sions," any one of which she might expect to en-
counter during the summer vacation. The inventory
was peculiar: cows, horses, water, snakes, bats.
Every one of them is reasonably sure to meet her
face to face with two weeks. Cows will roam at
large through the pastures she will cross; horses she
where she is to spend her vacation; she cannot reach
her chosen destination without steamers and row-
boats; snakes are the constant residents of the rocky
hillsides over which she will wander; and it will be
a wonder if a bat is not circling above her head be-
fore a week rolls round. Does she spoil her summer
by borrowing trouble about these private enemies, or
make herself and others miserable by her anticipations
of harrowing foes? Not in the least. She runs them
over on the tips of the fingers of one hand as the un-
avoidable bitter that is coming with the promised sweet,
and that is the end of it. When the cow really
crosses her path, then will be time enough for her to
quote Mother Goose, and say, "Consider, cow, con-
sider!" Boats and carriages will be employed when
necessary; and, should accidents come, then they
must be met, not till then. As for the snakes and
bats, she will leave the witches to scotch the one and
pluck the "wool" of the other before she will worry
about them in advance of their appearance. In spite
of such annoyances, she means to have a good time;
and she will have it.

That is the true spirit in which to meet the vaca-
tion. If one is going to bear the vexations of every
day as they come, and in addition look the future of
its terrors by importing them into the present, it does
not give a happy summer. To anxious mothers the
vacation is a time of torment. It seems as though the
exercise of a little self-restraint and common sense
might turn the summer into pleasure for the entire
family. The boys like to row and sail, and they
are allowed to go; and the mothers sit in the hotel
or boarding-house, in agony. It does not make
any difference how many times the lads come home
in safety after a day on the water; there is always
the same terror at home and the half-suspicious
proceed on the part of the boys do not like to make
their parents anxious, but they do like to make
pleasure of sailing. If the advice "Be sure you are
right, then go ahead," is applicable at any time, it is
in summer. It is the duty of the parents to see that
all recreations are made as nearly safe as possible,
and then let the young folk have what freedom is
right for them. If a boy is taught to manage a boat

by a shrewd boatman, and is allowed to go in a
stanch craft, then he should be left to the wind and
the weather and his common-sense and responsibility.
Well may those at home sit in fear if these precau-
tions have not been taken. So, too, in swimming.
One does not like to have his boy plunge off into deep
water or swift currents without a safe teacher at
hand; but, after the boy has learned to swim, and
has been taught the proper precautions, he should be
allowed to "go a-swimming," without being over-
worn every time that he will surely drown, while
the rest of the family sit at the window to watch
his dripping body. In mountain trips and scrambles
it is true that a sprained ankle is not an unlikely
occurrence, but there is no need of breaking it men-
tally in advance of the climb. Half of these anxious
fears would be overcome if parents, especially
mothers, would try some of these jaunts with their
young folk — sail with them, row with them, ride,
swim, walk, in short, do what the boys and girls find
so delightful. If they will not, or cannot, then, after
proper precautions are taken, they should resolutely
await the issue.

It will be said that people are nervous and cannot
help borrowing trouble. Even such people by the exer-
cise of a little will-power can learn to bear anxiety
in silence. It makes it a thousand-fold worse to hear
probabilities of accident discussed and manifold fears
expressed. We recall a mother whose two boys were
out rowing when a sudden gale sprang up and lashed
the water into waves that it would have been impos-
sible for their boat to ride. With a serene face, almost
a smile, she kept on with her game of anagrams with
the rest of the party, not even mentioning the fact
that her sons were in danger. There was nothing to
be done but wait, and with supreme patience she
waited. The storm abated, and in course of time the
boat came riding safely back. Then she confessed what
agony she had hidden, though it was an anxiety
tempered by her confidence in the boys, that they, too,
would have self-restraint and common sense — a con-
fidence that was justified; for, seeing the gale coming,
they had made for a little island, drawn their boat
ashore, turned it over, and crawled under it till the
wind and rain should abate. But it was a lesson to
those who had seen the mother's self-control that ten
years have not effaced.

Life has so many genuine troubles, the wisest plans
are so often thwarted, that it is better to take every
sunny day that comes in gratitude, and in cloudy
ones not put up our umbrellas till it really begins to
rain. This determination in itself will help to keep
the sun shining. — Christian Register.

A COMMONPLACE COUPLE.

We are not creatures of romance
Who heart and mind and soul entrance;
We were not born of high degree,
Nor yet in abject poverty.

I am a young man in the city,
And she is — Kitty.

No artist ever longed to trace
On canvas either form or face.

We are not wonderful to see,
Although I think, 'twixt you and me,
The girl I love is rather pretty;
But then she's — Kitty.

We never have appeared in print
(Though soon we shall, I dare to hint).
We neither write, nor paint, nor sing,
We are not great at anything.

One only — Kitty.
—IDA J. LEMON, in Every Thursday.

DON'T HURRY

THE famous answer to the man who said
he had too little time to do a certain
thing, that he had all the time there was, has
apparently never been laid to heart by many
active and energetic people. These restless
and rushing persons seem to be under the im-
pression that they have only a small bit of
time, and that all they are to do in life must be
done at once if it is to be done at all. Instead
of drawing out time as it is a large de-
posit, subject to constant demands as needed,
these people attempt to draw out the whole
amount at once. They impress one as having
no reserve of leisure or opportunity. They
are under the harrow of the present moment,
and they are driven when they ought to guide
and control. There is time enough in life for
all rational people to do what they ought to do;
time enough, without impatience or rest-
lessness, to do the things that are to be done.
To take life breathlessly is to miss the deepest
and richest part of it! To be always on the
run is to lose all those sweet delights and re-
sources which come through an open mind
and quiet observation. The hurried man or
woman has no time for anything; not even
for the things in hand. He is in a hurry, and
in a hurry, and to the exclusion of many other
things, always bears the mark of incom-
pleteness and haste; it is never a completed
and finished product. To do is one of the
great human obligations, but it is secondary
to the obligation to grow. By all means do
your work with your whole heart and with all
your strength; but do it with quietness of
spirit, that you may not only accomplish the
thing in hand, but make it expressive of your
own nature and receive back from it that
strength and added power which constitute
the rich reaction of activity. — Christian Union.

Little Folks.

DOLLY'S ENEMY, AND HOW HE WAS SLAIN.

"DOLLY!"
"Yes, mother."

"I want you, dear."

"Yes, mother, in a moment."

A silence, and then the voice called again.
This time no answer.

Dolly was cuddled up in the window-seat
in the library, deeply absorbed in "Little
Women," reading it for the first time. She
intended to go to her mother immediately, but
she must just see how Jo managed to go to
the party with only one good glove. So she
read on and on, and then — why, then, the
next thing she knew it was too dark to see to
read any more; and parting the curtains of
the bow window, which had made her a cozy
nest, and peeping into the room, she found it
entirely dark, with the firelight making dusky
shadows.

"Seems to me mamma called me," med-
itated Dolly, as she groped her way to the
door. "I wonder what she wanted. I'll go
and see."

Lying in front of the hall fire she found
Ranger, and of course she was obliged to stop
and pat him, for Ranger was her own special
pet and intimate friend. She meant to stay
only a moment, but it ended in her slipping
down on the rug beside him; so that fully
half an hour passed before she got to her feet,
and started slowly up stairs, pausing half way
up to look down into the wide hall, and ad-
mire the picture made by Ranger and the fire.
Just two hours after her mother had called
her, Dolly opened her door to obey the sum-
mons. She entered the room in the most
cheerful manner possible, saying brightly,
"Didn't you call me, mamma?"
"Yes, Dolly," glancing at the little clock
on the mantel, "I did call you — two hours
ago!"

"O mamma!" remonstrated Dolly, "are
you sure — was it so long as that?"

"Quite sure, Dolly; rather more than less."
"Why, mother, I thought I only read a
little, then I stopped to speak to Ranger a
minute. I did not mean to keep you?" — but
something in her mother's face made Dolly
leave her sentence unfinished, and grow rosy.
Ah! that was Dolly's enemy — the thief
which made so much trouble, and whom,
alas! Dolly tried so nobly to defend. Always
late, but never understanding exactly why!
A minute here, another there. Surely the
clock must be mistaken; those tiny minutes
could never count up to hours!

"Dolly," her mother had said sadly that
very morning, "do you know that you are
growing to tell not quite the truth?"
"O mamma!" cried Dolly, the indignant
tears filling her eyes.

"I do not mean that you intentionally say
what is not so; but half a dozen times a day
you say that you have only kept us waiting
'a minute,' or you have only stayed 'a second,'
after you have been called, when, in reality,
the time has been from ten minutes to half an
hour."

"I am very sorry, mamma," — Dolly always
was "very sorry," though it did not seem to
prevent exactly the same thing happening
very soon again — "is it too late for me to
help you now?"

"I did not want you to help me, Dolly,"
her mother answered. Then, putting out her
hand, she drew Dolly down on the sofa beside
her, saying: "I am very sorry for you, my
dear, for there is a bitter disappointment in
store for you. I have pleaded with you to
try and overcome this grievous fault so many
times without avail that it has come to be a
real grief to me; for I know, better than I
can make you understand, how serious a
drawback it will be to you in the future. Of
late you have become, if possible, more care-
less, and I have been forced to the conclusion
that only a desperate remedy will open your
eyes. When I called you this afternoon, it
was to see Cousin Lester. He had come over
on horse-back, and was too proud to come
even to come into the house, so I went on to
the piazza to speak with him. He told me
that he had suddenly decided — his mother,
Grace and himself — to start early to-morrow
morning, on a trip to Washington; and they
would be delighted to have you go with them
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